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A
SISTER'S MEMORIAL.



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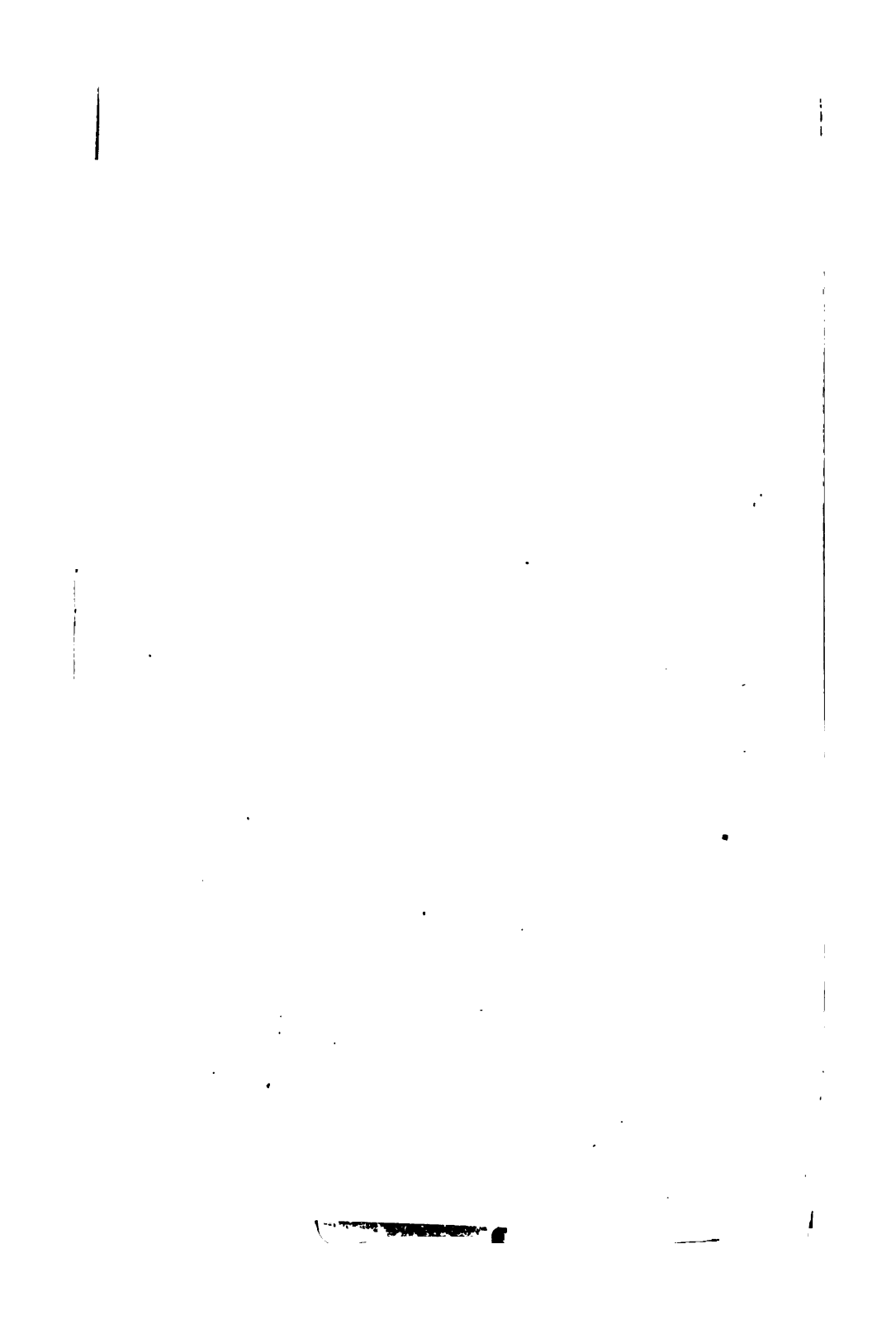






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A
SISTER'S MEMORIAL;
OR,
A LITTLE ACCOUNT
OF
REBECCA FARRAND:

ALSO, DRAWN UP BY HER,

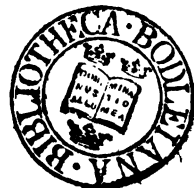
A Brief Sketch of an Elder Sister.

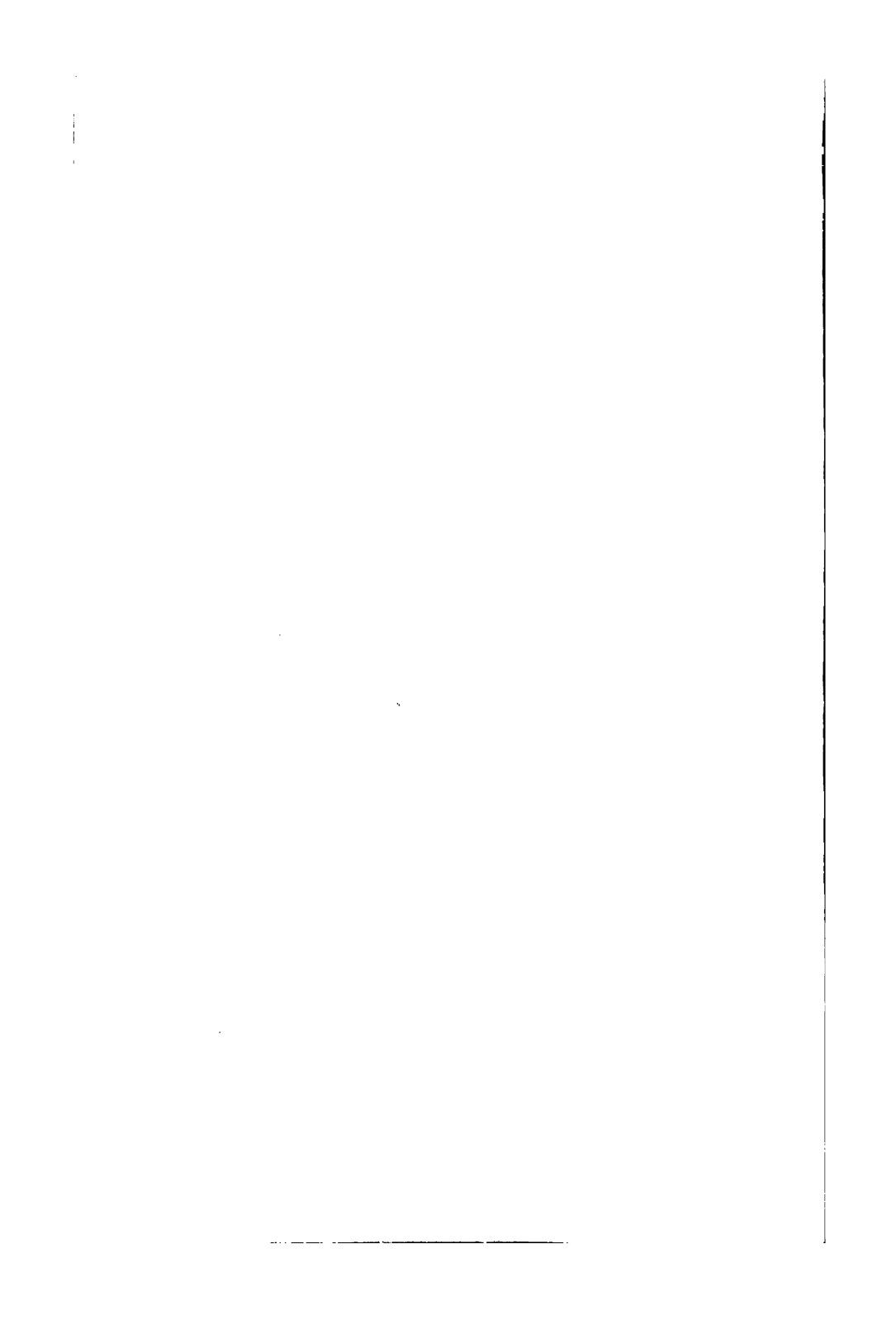
"WE ALL DO FADE AS A LEAF."

LONDON:
W. & F. G. CASH, 5, BISHOPSGATE STREET WITHOUT.

—
1857.

210. C. 84.





PREFACE.

IN compliance with the wishes of a few friends of my late beloved Sisters, I have printed this little volume for private circulation, trusting that it may find a welcome in many a home where the beloved subjects of these brief sketches have often formed a part of the social circle. In drawing up the Memorial of dear Rebecca, I have endeavoured, as much as possible, to let it be in her own language, only adding a few words, or a sentence or two occasionally, as connecting links. That of dear Eliza was drawn up by her Sister Rebecca soon after Eliza's decease. Their early removal seems to renew the admonition to us who survive, "Be not slothful, but followers of them who through faith and patience inherit the promises."--HEBREWS vi. 12.

PECKHAM,

5th Month, 1857.

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A SISTER'S MEMORIAL.

"ABSENT IN THE BODY, AND PRESENT WITH THE LORD!"

It may be that some who knew and loved the subject of this brief memorial will feel interested and instructed in tracing some of the Christian experience of one who earnestly desired to be a true follower of Christ her Saviour and Redeemer, and that some who oftentimes go heavily on their way, may be encouraged to press forward in the heavenly race.

My beloved sister was born on the 4th of the 2nd Month, 1821, and from her infancy was of a delicate constitution. She was naturally of a diffident, retiring disposition, and many, who only knew her slightly, thought her high and distant; but, when known, she was a sincere and true friend. Her character was marked by great mental energy, which often carried her beyond her strength, so that of later years she would frequently return from visits of benevolence and love completely prostrated. Earnest

were her desires to serve her God and Saviour; and this desire increased as she neared the end of her earthly course. Oh! may we who are left a little longer in this the Lord's earth—where the harvest is so plenteous and the labourers so few—use the talents that are committed to our trust, few though they be, to the glory of that Saviour who hath done so much for us; and, in the end, being cleansed from all sin in the blood of Christ our Redeemer, join our loved ones in that city that hath “no need of the sun neither of the moon to shine in it, for the glory of God doth lighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof.”

The following extracts from some of her letters show the deep interest she took in her younger sister, and how earnest were her desires for her advancement in best knowledge:—

MY DEAR SARAH ANN : 10th Month, 1840.

Accept, beloved girl, the affectionate wishes and kind remembrance of an absent sister. I can desire nothing better for thee, than an increase of peace and virtue, a growth in grace, and in the knowledge of our Saviour and Redeemer. Length of days are only in the hands of the Creator: nevertheless, I wish thee many happier returns than this one, and desire that as thou ripens for maturity thou mayest be made meet for the kingdom of heaven.

And now, dear girl, adieu! May happiness commence thy natal day, and no sorrow cloud it. With

the best wishes that sisterly affection can prompt, I
am, as ever, Thy attached sister,

REBECCA.

TO THE SAME.

MY DEAR SISTER :

4th Month, 1842.

However happy our lot may be, yet there must ever be moments when the heart clings fondly to bygone days, and friends far away; we must not expect continued, constant felicity in this state of being, but happy, thrice blessed, are those who can look forward with the eye of faith and hope to those joys which are enduring. I often think of thee, my dear girl, and long that thy youthful days might be more devoted to the service of our Maker than mine have been; and I sometimes wish thou hadst a companion near thy own age, who might prove a friend of real worth, to treasure thy virtues and admonish for failings, as well as afford the delight of friendship by improving society. Let us remember, my beloved Sarah Ann, that the object of our existence here is not merely to gratify our wants, but to be one of those who—though they may feel they have no influence—yet may be daily studying to promote the best happiness of their fellow creatures, thereby letting “their lights so shine before men” that they may glorify the doctrines of Christ their Saviour.

Adieu! beloved girl, and believe me sincerely,

Thy affectionately attached sister,

REBECCA.

Dear Rebecca frequently put her thoughts on paper in the form of verse; indeed, she mostly carried a pencil and paper about with her, and when at work would have them on the table before her, and thus scribble down her thoughts as they flitted before her vivid imagination.

A SONG FOR THE DESOLATE.

Fear not, fear not, thy God is near thee,
Fear not, fear not, for He will cheer thee,
And leave thee never, o'er life's rough sea ;
Fear thee not, fear thee not, faithful is He.

Go ask for His blessing on thee and thine,
His strength possessing, thy light shall shine,
Calmly and silently through every sorrow,
Hope tend thee joyfully, each coming morrow.

Fear thee not, fear thee not, trust in thy God,
Tho' dark be thy earthly lot, remember His rod
Is stretched out to chasten the liveliest pleasure,
Oh Christian! then hasten, in heaven is thy treasure.

REBECCA.

WHO ARE THE HAPPY ?

Who are the happy? they who seem
All joyousness and mirth—
Whose young days, quickly, as a dream,
Do pass away on earth?
They may be happy, but how rare
Is life's bright morn untouched by care!

Who are the happy? they who dwell
 Amid the pomp of wealth—
 Whose forms of rank and beauty tell,
 Whose cheeks do glow with health?
 They may be happy, if to heaven
 Their best affections here are given!

Who are the happy? they who seek
 A home beyond the skies;
 Who learn of Him,—the pure,—the meek,—
 For sin the sacrifice,
 To be content, however small
 Earth's share of good to them may fall.

Yes! they are happy, for they know
 Their hopes are fixed above;
 That whereso'er on earth they go,
 They're shielded by His love,
 Who happiness diffuses wide,
 On those, whose hearts are sanctified.

REBECCA.

I received the following letter from dear Rebecca,
 on my birthday, in 1842:—

MY BELOVED SISTER:

On the anniversary of thy natal day, I can fancy
 thou wilt be looking for a letter from me, among
 thy list of correspondents, nor am I willing to disap-
 point thee. I do, indeed, desire for thee, that as
 one succeeding year after another is added to thy
 span of existence, thou mayest, on reflection, find that

progress has been made towards the object of our sojourn here, the preparation for a life hereafter. The transient things of time, alas ! take up too much of our attention; let us ever remember, my dear Sarah Ann, that we are made not only to enjoy pleasure and gaiety, but that we are candidates for an immortal crown. May many years be added to those which have flown; may all that is meet for thee be abundantly dispensed, and mayest thou ever be sensible from whom thy daily blessings proceed, even from the Author of all good. I have copied on the other side what I consider a piece containing some beautiful and consoling sentiments, which may, perhaps, remind my dear sister, as it has done myself, that our comforts do not so much depend upon outward things as in that peace of mind, the companion of an unsullied conscience; but let us not think that this peace is so very easily to be obtained; oh, no! we must, indeed, be under the tendering influences of the gospel of love, and humbly dependent upon a Divine Power for support, relying for sanctification upon the Saviour of mankind, ere we can taste the joys which a believer experiences in quiet retirement, and waiting for a renewal of strength by turning to the "home within" (our hearts recess). May we, dear girl, mutually feel our own utter inability and proneness to evil, and be made sensible, day by day, that there is increased cause for watchfulness and prayer, for though we may perhaps be said to be in the bloom of youth, we know not how soon the

system may be broken, or we may be called to surrender our spirits to Him who gave them.

Thy ever affectionate sister,

REBECCA.

In the beginning of 1844, she went to Reading for a little change, when she writes:—

MY DEAR SISTER,

Knowing that a few lines from my pen will meet with a welcome reception, I will give thee a little account of our goings on here, and leave thee to judge how far I am benefitting by the change. I was truly cheered to hear an improved account of dearest Eliza, as I was beginning to feel anxious, and often longing to spend a few quiet hours in her society, rendered so doubly dear by the uncertainty of its long continuance; and her sweet tranquil state is an instructive lesson to those who are doubting the efficacy of Divine strength to support under the trying dispensation of lingering decline. Yes, dearest Sarah Ann, may we, indeed, hope that when disease may lay us low, we may, like her, be supported and enabled to place all our confidence in Christ Jesus, the Rock of Ages; and what a sweet consolation to think that *hers* will be a glorious exchange! . . . Accept, my dear girl, my best wishes for thy true happiness, and believe me, as ever,

Thy affectionately attached sister,

REBECCA.

The beloved sister alluded to in the foregoing letter died, after a protracted illness, of consumption, on the 20th of 4th Month, 1844, soon after her 29th birth-day, and in less than two years after her marriage; and truly instructive was it to see her sweet Christian resignation, and her firm unwavering faith in Christ her Saviour; and most consoling to survivors is the sweet assurance that she now "sleeps in Jesus." Dear Rebecca composed the following lines on this occasion:—

LINES TO THE MEMORY OF A BELOVED SISTER.

Oh, loved and lost! ill can the muse obey
The warm effusions of a sister's feeling,
That in affection's thrilling tones convey
Sorrow's revealing;
For death has snatched, in woman's bloom,
One treasure of the heart,
And made us feel from earth how soon—
How hard to part!

We've marked each fading prestage of decline;
We've seen her eye beam with unearthly beauty;
And we have joyed that heavenly love divine
So graced her actions with a pleasing duty;
We've seen her cheeks' bright loveliness,
When hectic tinged them with its roseate dye,
And wondered at the Spirit's tenderness,
Scarce thinking she could die.

But oh! Consumption's too deceitful lustre
Has oft a tale of tearful sorrow told;
For Memory whispers that we must not trust her,
And Time will tell us 'tis of shadowy mould.

How oft a flower of blooming promise opens,
 And then doth fade,
 Sweet is its fragrance, fleeting to the tokens
 Its sweetness gave.

And what sustained Eliza's dying bed ?
 What gave her strength in separation's hour,
 When every earthly succour lost its aid ?
 Oh ! 'twas Jehovah's everlasting power.
 That power was near to soothe ;
 A Saviour's presence cheered—
 Her couch of suffering soothed,
 And hopes, how bright, appeared !

And now Heaven's bliss attained,
 Loved sister, thou art blest !
 The long-wished port thou'st gained—
 Thy soul's calm rest !
 No pain, no saddening care,
 Disturbs thee now—
 The seraph's peace thou'lt wear
 Upon thy brow.

And mixed with the countless throng,
 Where myriads of angels stand,
 Thou'lt join in the choral song
 With that bright shining band,
 Ascribing all praise to Him
 Who hath the victory won,
 Israel's all-conquering King,
 The just eternal One.

1844.

REBECCA.

The following pieces may also find a place here :—

STANZAS.

How desolate would be our lot
 Without a friend to soothe,
 To share with us the ills of life—
 Its hours of solitude.

A SISTER'S MEMORIAL.

For they, who've shared our joyousness,
 Our sunniest, brightest hours,
 Are ever first, in our distress,
 To gather us the flowers.

Flowrets of sympathy and love,
 Your sweets I long would share,
 And, gratefully, for blessings given,
 Sue for my loved in prayer.

REBECCA.

ON GATHERING THE FIRST SPRING FLOWER.

Sweet beauteous flower! expand thy yellow cup,
 And spread thy blossom to the genial breeze;
 Thy petals, delicately folded up,
 Delight the eye that Nature loves to please.

For e'en the simplest flowret of the earth,
 The lowly daisy and the violet sweet,
 To feelings of ecstatic joy give birth,
 And for reflection make the spirit meet.

These petals finely fringed by heavenly skill,
 This calyx moulded by a hand divine,
 This downy softness, all surpassing, still
 A lesson teaches—simple, yet sincere:

That while Spring's vernal beauties charm the eye,
 And birds melodious tune their choral song,
 In all creation's works we may descry
 To whom alone the glory must belong.

REBECCA.

A BIRTH-DAY SONG.

ADDRESSED TO AN EARLY FRIEND.

Not for unclouded days
Of sunny thoughtless glee,
Not for a bright and changeless lot,
Do I ask, dear friend, for thee.

Not for a portion fair
Of this world's fading flowers,
Nor for a plenteous share of wealth
To grace thy summer hours.

Oh! not for the things of earth
Would my spirit seek in prayer,
But crave for the friend of my early youth
A dower that is rich and rare.

To the pure in heart is it given
To taste of the clear, deep springs,
That will refresh to the porch of heaven
Through all life's wanderings.

Thine be the lot of those
Who trust in a hope, that ever
Will give to the mind a sweet repose,
That forsakes the Christian never.

Thine be a life, that joy
May fill up in equal measure;
Thine be a peace, time will not destroy,
And thine be in Heaven a treasure;

Then, when life's eve is hastening,
And tells of thy latter end,
Where joy will require no chastening,
There, there, may we meet, my friend.

REBECCA.

WRITTEN AFTER VISITING SOME OF THE COLLEGE
GROUNDS AT CAMBRIDGE.

Memory! I hail thy cherished powers,
To treasure up the past;
The merry and the gladsome hours,
I would that they could last;
But change is stamped on all things here,
On pleasant scenes, and kind friends dear.

But who'd forget the sunny scenes—
Of life, and days of gladness,
Because they seem like passing dreams,
And followed oft' by sadness?
Oh! chase the thought—this earth is fair,
Though not devoid of human care.

Fair, too, the hopes that brightly spring,
In youth's brief morn of glee;
Hopes that in future days take wing,
As birds upon the sea,
Only to seek a new found shore
Where hope may build its rest once more.

But, I've enjoyed communion sweet,
With things more true than hope alone,
And realised what's been a treat,
While wandering 'neath heaven's azure zone.
Weather and friends to me were kind,
Who to such influence could be blind?

Nor yet to spots where classic lore,
The charm of genius spreads around,
And broad walks trod by men before,
With learning's brightest glory crowned,
A Milton's fire, a Newton's soul—
Have held o'er these a deep control.

A Kirke White's fine, poetic mind,
 A Bacon's philosophic power,
 A Martyn, to heaven's will resigned,
 His gospel love—His greatest dower ;
 And Byron's genius, too, was there,
 Misspent, but yet surpassing fair.

All these have passed like clouds away,
 But not like clouds no longer seen,
 For tho' chill death has marked his prey,
 The light of wisdom's torch has been
 Too bright, too clear, to shine no more,
 While science keeps her heaped up store.

Sweet shades, farewell! your calm repose
 Will oft' in pleasing memory dwell,
 Where bloom the lily, and the rose,
 The woodbine, and the tulip's bell :
 The same bright flowers adorn the sod,
 As when your paths a Milton trod.

Oh! life! thou art a sunbeam gay—
 A threatening cloud thou'lt be to-morrow :
 A scene of joy and hope to-day,
 Without a touch of earthly sorrow.
 The past is bright—the present ours,
 The future—change may waste the flowers.

REBECCA.

When on a visit to our dear relatives at Reading,
 she writes :—

MY DEAR SISTER : *3rd Month, 16th, 1845.*

As I remain at home from meeting this evening,
 I feel inclined to take a quiet opportunity of address-
 ing thee a little in the spirit of sisterly affection.

I have felt of late a peculiar reserve on religious subjects, fearing lest I should profess more than I act up to, and I have wished, and often earnestly prayed that every doubt and every delusion might be removed from my soul, that I might see myself as an unworthy sinner, wholly incapable of procuring (even were my works better than they are) my soul's salvation, that I might flee to Christ as a hope, a refuge, "the shadow of a rock in a weary land." Many and severe have been my conflicts at times, when no eye but the unslumbering one has known it. During my long indisposition I had some sweet seasons, and I sometimes felt as if I could leave the future, as to health or sickness, in heavenly hands, knowing that it is meet for us that afflictions should come, and that there is a Power who can, and who assuredly *will*, support us in every trial, and who can order all things to His own glory. Still, dear girl, I did not always feel in this peaceful state; nor do I think that such an inexperienced one as myself should expect a state of mental rest to last always. Are we not told in the Scriptures that it was they who had come out of much tribulation who were accounted worthy to appear in white before the throne of God and of the Lamb? But, mark the sustaining promise, "When thou passest through the waters I will be with thee," &c. The waters of affliction are often our lot to walk through in this world: But will He not be with us? Why, then, beloved one, should we be discouraged? The Saviour

of sinners himself said, "He that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out." Let us then flee unto Him with self-distrust and faith, and with the hope that He may extend the language of mercy unto us, "Thy sins be forgiven thee." Perhaps, thou hast sometimes thought that my daily actions do not accord with my sentiments. Remember, dear, that human nature is frail; and, perhaps, there are few who have more in their natural disposition to contend with than myself. This calls for more vigilance, more self-denial, and prayer; and if one, who is but a weak, erring, and self-willed member of the human family, be brought, in a degree, to be a follower of Him who is the Way, the Truth and the Life, may not we more freely acknowledge the fulness of Divine grace, and humbly believe that, though "the heart is deceitful above all things," it may, through the chastening influence of redeeming love, be brought into subjection, and moulded by the hand of the heavenly potter? And now, dear Sarah Ann, I hope thou wilt not think that because I have been reserved hitherto on these things, that it is from an indifference to thy spiritual state. I believe the great searcher of hearts is gently visiting thy soul at times with a sense of the true value of the "one thing needful"—of the uncertainty of all temporal enjoyments—that thou mightest lay hold of more substantial pleasures than earth can offer. Mayest thou, then, dear, seek—earnestly seek after strength and guidance. It will assuredly be given thee, for

His strength is made perfect in weakness. Doubt it not: "Call upon me in time of trouble, and I will deliver thee." We have seen in our family, in the short space of a year, the young and the lovely called to a heavenly home. Oh! why are we left?—that we may have a little longer to fit us to join them in the realms above. Oh! sweet hope to those who possess it—a re-union there! Let us, my precious sister, mind not what the world thinks of this and that, which we are too apt to do. Let us consult our own consciences in matters which rest between ourselves and our God. Let us seek for that peace the world giveth not. Let us ask for wisdom from above. Let us pray for one another, and for those who are dear to us by relationship or otherwise. We can but supplicate that they may be gathered into the Saviour's fold. Do not look for the joys of religion all at once. Patiently await for ability to act aright; and may He who "willeth not that any should perish, but that all should repent and live," be pleased to guide thy steps in the way of truth; and finally, whether in youth, maturity, or old age, receive thee into His kingdom of rest and peace,

"Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest."

Remember, in thy prayers, her who is thy affectionately interested sister,

REBECCA.

1st Day Evening.

While on this visit, we find her giving expression
to her grateful feelings in the following lines :—

“THOU CROWNEST THE YEAR WITH THY
GOODNESS.”

With goodness crowned, each hour
Of fleeting time
Marks the Eternal Power,
Whose source Divine
Can yield a fruitful store
Of blessings kind,
Given to enrich the more
A heavenly mind.

With goodness crowned, each year
Revolving flies,
With mercies rich and free
His love supplies,
Who is the fountain spring
Of joy and peace,
Who spreads his sheltering wing,
And tumults cease.

With goodness crowned we live;
Friendship encircles round;
The joys of earth receive;
Each heart's rebound
Tells of some gladdening rill,
That flows to soothe
Their steps to Zion's hill,
Where none intrude.

With goodness crowned, each wave
That ripples by,
Tells of His hand who made
Such symmetry,

That man, o'er ocean's wide expanse,
Is but a speck,
And, to Omniscient's clear glance,
Only a wreck.

With goodness crowned, 'twas love
Man's pardon bought,
When he, in guilty fear,
Forgiveness sought,
Of Him who died to save
From fetters strong,
And in matchless mercy gave
The victory and song.

With goodness crowned, we live,
With mercy we may die,
With gratitude let us receive
What heavenly love supply,
Feeling our treasures here,
How great or small they be,
How changeful or how dear,
Are given, O Lord! by Thee!

REBECCA.

The following piece was written on the occasion of
the marriage of a dear relative :—

THE BRIDAL HOUR.

Fair mid' the youthful throng
She stood, the trusting bride :
As she leaned on the arm of one,—
The bridegroom,—by her side,
The tear of calm devotion
Stole down her flushing cheek ;
The soul's unfeigned emotion
No eloquence could speak.

She raised her soul to heaven,
In deep and earnest prayer,
That, in that hour of happiness,
Christ's presence might be there,
To crown with heavenly blessings
The promise she hath made,
That, strength divine possessing,
Their love might know no shade.

And now the vow is spoken,
That unto death she'll be,
In friendship's links unbroken,
Partner of grief or glee.
What words can speak the feeling
That thrills her young warm heart,
While, her tenderest doubts concealing,
She feels that she must part

From the friends beloved of childhood,
Who shared her infant hours,
And whose untiring kindness
Had strewn her path with flowers,—
Had watched her ripening beauties
Expanding in the shade,
Till her heart's chosen claimed them,
In love's bright dress arrayed.

Oh! he hath sought to win her,
Knowing her modest worth,
With that unshaken constancy
That tells of love and truth:
And now, at Hymen's altar,
They link the nuptial tie,
That on this morn hath bound them,
Nor until death shall die.

Hope, mingled, gilds the future
 With sense of present bliss,
 And thoughts of earth's felicity,
 Fair in an hour like this.
 May happiness attend them,
 While in this changeful vale;
 And Oh! be theirs to realise
 Faith through each stormy gale.

And when the cup of sorrow
 To drink may be their share,
 In mingling tears together,
 They leave each earthly care
 To Him who faileth never
 To guide the weak and dim,
 Whose promise is for ever
 To those who follow him.

So when the parting moment,
 The messenger shall come,
 To snap the dearest cords of earth,
 And bear the spirit home,
 Faith will in triumph whisper
 Of fairer worlds on high,
 Where ransomed spirits all will meet,
 Beneath a cloudless sky.

REBECCA.

At the close of 1847, we find our dear one pouring forth the breathings of her soul in the following lines:—

WRITTEN ON NEW YEAR'S EVE, 1847.

Another year has flown, to mark the flight
 Of time, with swift wings hastening; and the thought
 Is sad to one who feels that she has nought
 'To give her gladness in a retrospect

Of things and actions of the bye-past year.
Oh, God! Thou know'st my soul had well nigh reached
The portal of despair, but that the hope
Of strength to combat with the many storms
Of life has sometimes hushed my fears.
Thou knowest each earth-born wish, as well
As every heavenly aspiration, and Thy love
And everlasting goodness can protect
From harm and danger each dependent child
That seeks for strength and guidance, and who knows
And feels that he can ne'er obtain
Peace and salvation without faith in Thee.
Yet, heavenly Father! I would humbly crave
Increasing singleness of soul,—a heart made pure
From earth's allurements, and from sin's deep stain.
Grant that the year just opening may be one
Of more performance in the way of good,
Of more deep searching of the heart, and watchful,
Prayerful walking in Thy holy fear.
And should it please Thee that the end of time
Be near at hand, and ere another year
Death may have sealed my eyelids, and the earth
Closed over all that once was warm
With life and animation—Oh! if such
Should be Thy will, grant that through
The sacrifice of Him who died to save, my soul
May find acceptance; and, unworthy tho'
And sinful, may obtain that mercy,
Free given to all who seek it: then shall
My latest days be bright with faith, and calm
With thoughts of glory. And 'tis wise
To think ofttimes upon the past, and count
Our mercies and our trials—the first
Outweighing all—earth's griefs, its cares,
And numerous vicissitudes, with those
Who look for good in every passing change,
And fear no evil, walking in the vale.
How many loved ones in the year now past

Have joined the blest redeemed! But yet,
 'Tis sad to think, the greater sum of those
 Death's hand has taken, have been lost for aye!
 Lost to all blissful meeting in a land
 Where none shall sing the eternal holy song
 Of Moses and the Lamb, but those
 Who have received the crown of life,
 Eternal and unfading. Oh! may the voice
 That earth is but a pilgrimage to climes
 More lovely, and a home secure
 From sin and sorrow, breathe in our souls
 The wish to gain a better rest than now!
 Lead us, O God! to seek a path more clear,
 To guide our erring footsteps, that within
 The fold, as followers of the Shepherd good and kind,
 We may at last be found, when His strong arm
 Shall gather to their rest the faithful band.

REBECCA.

At the close of 1849, we find her again writing a few lines on the closing year.

NEW YEAR'S EVE.

'Tis New Year's Eve, and the loud bells are ringing
 A joyous peal upon the listening ear,
 While from far fanes sweet voices now are singing
 Their farewell anthem to the dying year.

The dying year! it tells of joys, of sorrows,
 Of many changes that have come to some;
 But 'tis the eve of many bright to-morrows
 To those who journey to their heavenly home.

Bright with true peace, and holy expectation
 That coming ills o'ershadowed are by love,—
 Love that will banish grief in our dejection,—
 Love from a Father kind in heaven above.

The dying year! it sends the thoughts all soaring
Into the dim remembrance of the past,
While the uncertain future may be storing
Hopes far too transient evermore to last.

It wakens feelings that we thought had perished,
Rouses the sinner to his fallen state,
Troubles the heart where idols it has cherished,
And makes us tremble for our future fate.

Yet, the great Maker of our brief existence
Knows we are frail as flowrets of the sod;
And tho' to Him we offer much resistance,
Reminds, by visitations, He is God,

Oh! may we profit by the solemn warning
His wisdom to this land has lately given,
That times of terror and of deepest mourning
May work our progress to our home in heaven,

And New Year's thorn be usher'd in with feelings
Of better wishes than this world can yield,
That time's uncertain and unknown revealings
May open unto all a wide-spread field

Of future service in the glorious harvest,
Where Christ proclaimed the labourers but few;
And point to hopes that to the gay are farthest,
Till all earth's pleasures do recede from view.

Thus, as years roll, and care be gathering o'er us,—
For care must come e'en to the gayest heart,—
Thoughts of the mercies past may still restore us
The peace from which we cannot wish to part.

So may the New Year, with the recollection
Of God's protecting goodness, care, and love,
Heighten the fervour of our deep affection
To One, who, of all others, is above.

And whether future annual gratulations
May be in store for us, we cannot tell;
But we may dwell on the sweet consolation
That with the Christian *all* is ordered *well*.

REBECCA.

When I was on a visit to my friends, in Yorkshire, at the commencement of the new year, dear Rebecca writes:—

MY VERY DEAR SISTER, *2nd Month, 1850.*

This opening year gives rise to many solemn considerations. A new year to me has always a saddening effect—I feel deeply how many opportunities I have neglected, how many means of grace I have slighted, and how many temptations I have given way to—these thoughts are salutary to us if they lead us to examine our own hearts, and continually watch and pray against evil. The All-Searcher of hearts alone knows the conflicts of my spirit, and how fervently I desire to be ranked amongst those who are seeking the Kingdom. Alas! though the spirit be willing the flesh is weak! Let us, my dear Sister, begin the year with greater devotedness—let the solemn preparation for eternity be our first consideration—then, whether prosperity or adversity, joy or sorrow, be ours, faith will point upwards with an eye of hope that all will work together for good—let us use our best energies to promote the cause of truth wherever our lot may be cast.

After dear Rebecca's decease, I found in her desk a little journal kept from time to time. Many of the entries are without date—the first was written about this time :—

“‘By grace ye are saved.’ Oh! how sweet is the thought that amid all our sin and backslidings we may yet be saved by grace. Oh! Lord! how greatly do I need this grace, for I am vile indeed; what I wish to do I am too weak to fulfil. Oh! give me strength to sustain the conflict, and clearness of spiritual vision to comprehend the full force and mystery of redeeming love. It is my earnest wish to dedicate the remainder of my days to Thee. Oh! shew me the way in which I can best serve Thee. How often do I feel dissatisfied with myself: Thou, O God, only knowest my frequent sorrow from this cause. I ought to deny myself many indulgences that I now have, to give to the cause of truth and righteousness on the earth, which I often feel to be near my heart, though I still oftener feel my unfitness to promote it. Oh! God! my heart is so proud, teach it to bend to Thy will, and to shew a forgiving, kind disposition, patient in bearing merited or unmerited rebuke, remembering that he who would be a true Christian must have crosses and trials to meet with becoming fortitude. Oh! bless this evening's sorrow to me, and let a review of past experience prove profitable.”

"I have much enjoyed reading the life of the Rev. H. W. Fox—his short but beautiful missionary career is deeply instructive. Oh! that it may stimulate some to a similar dedication in the Lord's vineyard. I feel a deep interest in missionaries of all sects: they are preparing the way for that glorious epoch when 'the knowledge of the Lord shall cover the earth as the waters cover the sea.' Beautiful simile—how full of meaning—comprising the whole globe. Oh! how delightful to be one of the labourers for that great day, when the harvest of truth and righteousness shall be gathered in from every nation.

*
'The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from its throne,
And worship only Thee.'

It is our duty to reflect seriously whether there is any idol that stands between us and our God: there may be many—the love of the world, the opinion of our fellow-creatures, our own unworthy selves, the devoted love of another, the snares of wealth or pleasure—all these may act as barriers to our full surrender to Him whose right it is to have our first affections. Surely our renewed blessings call for dedication; yet, without the grace of God we cannot become a true and daily worshipper of Him, seeking, through the merits of redeeming love, to have our hopes centered on that eternal home where sin nor sorrow can enter. Sweet hope!—Oh! to possess it!"

*

The next entry was written on the day that we saw consigned to its last resting-place all that remained to us of our darling little Affie, who, at the age of four years and a quarter, was taken from this world, where youth is so surrounded with temptation, to join, we undoubtedly believe, the ransomed ones, whose tiny voices unite in the anthem of the blest above:—

“11th Month, 28th, 1850.—This day will be committed to the earth all that remains of our lovely and precious little Alfred, the sweet, interesting companion of many past hours. I take comfort in the thought that the precious lamb is for ever sheltered in the Saviour's bosom, and has become one of those little ones in Heaven who do always behold the face of the Father. Grant, Oh! Lord! that by this dispensation the language may be applicable—‘This day is salvation come to this house.’ Out of apparent evil Thou canst produce good. Oh! what a mercy would it be if they who deeply mourn the loss of this cherished bud of hope may be meet to be what he now is—an angel, redeemed through a Saviour's pardoning love: then may we be able to say, ‘For all I thank Thee, e'en for the severe.’

Precious lamb! thy ransomed spirit
Now has joined the heavenly band;
Evermore wilt thou inherit
Holiest joys in Canaan's land.

Lovely bud of childhood's beauty,
Sure we loved thee most too well;
Now it is the part of duty
To believe that 'all is well.'

To believe that thou wast given
A flower on earth, to bloom above
A seraph bright and pure in heaven,
Transplanted by a Saviour's love.

Freed from all the sin and sorrow
Future years might bring to thee,
Consolation we will borrow,
For from these thou now art free.

Oh! that they who thy removal
Long must mourn with tenderest love,
May receive their God's approval
Thee to join in realms above!

REBECCA."

"12th Month, 31st, 1850.—We are on the eve of bidding adieu to 1850: it has been to me a year of many mercies and of many conflicts: greatly do I desire for the year at hand, that a daily supply of strength may be given me to combat with my greatest enemy, my own heart—experience is continually showing me its innate corruption, that, without Divine grace to sustain me in weakness, sin is ever present with me. How many resolves have I made, unkept—how many slighted opportunities—how many yieldings to temptation—how many unguarded words—how many sinful actions—the sum of them is more than could be counted; yet, for all these, I am still surrounded

with God's gifts : surely adoring gratitude should be the clothing of my spirit. O Lord ! help me to begin another year with prayerful watchfulness against sin, with firm trust in thy fatherly goodness, and with a constant endeavour after holiness and dedication to Thee, that my example may no more be a stumbling-block to those I love, but that I may bring forth fruit unto Thy praise, and be ranked—though one of the most unworthy—as one of thy children and of the fold of Christ, my only hope of glory."

"1st Month, 13th, 1851.—My mind is much engaged in many ways—there is a danger of its being too much absorbed in bustling activity : it is a great blessing to have an active mind ; but then there must be time for thoughtful reflection, for solitary prayer, and for the repose as well as the active exercise of religion. I have thought much of the words I heard preached yesterday,—‘Be not conformed to *this* world ;’ they came home to my heart ; I felt how well they applied to myself, and I was thankful the subject was so ably touched upon : may it impress many minds to their dedication to God, and may I, each day of my life, bear in mind that we ‘are not our own, but bought with a price,’—that is, we must not live merely to our own ease and pleasure, but to glorify God, by the purity of our lives and conversation, by our thankful contentment, by our constant prayer and spiritual worship, by our active service in

all that will promote His kingdom upon earth, and by our universal love to our fellow-creatures. Oh ! my God ! renew my spirit with qualifications such as these, and give me a heart ever ready to show forth Thy praise."

"19th.—How difficult it is to bring our minds into a state of harmony with all the regenerating effects of the Gospel plan ; truly it is the grace of God that can alone aid us, and our strong holds must be faith and prayer. I cannot but think it desirable that we should bend our knees in prayer at the close of each day, for if we leave this duty till we are in our beds, we are apt to fall asleep without our hearts being thus engaged, from the mere need of repose ; but our prayers must be offered in faith, and must be the homage of the heart, and He who is a prayer-hearing God will, of His free mercy, lend a listening ear to our petitions : may my prayer ever be for Divine grace to enable me to seek first the kingdom, in the unshaken trust that all things needful will be added. Many things we wish for are not needful for us, and it is our duty to check such desires, as our Heavenly Father does not see meet to gratify. Oh ! may I seek more and more for those spiritual gifts which will satisfy the cravings of an immortal soul. The Christian believer is encompassed with trials and crosses, but he knows—

'That he has a friend on high
All other friends above ;—

Yes, Jesus is for ever nigh
 The children of His love :
 He will be husband, brother, friend,—
 His love alone can never end.'

My heart has deeply condemned me this day—I have been so irritable and ungracious in my demeanour—this is one of my besetting sins. Oh! my God and Father! Thou who knowest my extreme sinfulness, strengthen me with Thy Holy Spirit to guard against it, and fill my spirit with love to all around, even when they seem to oppose my wishes, for I know that he who would be likened to the dear Saviour's image must be meek and lowly. This high attainment is my earnest and frequent prayer: may it in a measure be granted, and my practice keep pace with my profession; truly I can say,—

'Nothing in my hand I bring,
 Simply to Thy cross I cling,'"

"2nd Month, 4th.—I have this day completed my 30th year. It is a solemn reflection, that so many years of my life have passed away. Oh! that through the grace and mercy of my God, the remainder of my days may be more devoted to His service—it is but little I can do, but with His help I can aim at much. The past yields many regrets, the present many temptations, but the future much hope. Oh! may my faith be strengthened daily to believe that all things will be ordered well. May I keep close to my Heavenly Guide, and be watchful unto prayer, for there is One who is 'strength in weakness, and

a very present help in trouble :’ may He be my best friend.”

“ Since I last expressed my feelings in this way I have taken the important step of disuniting myself with ‘ Friends :’ it has been a severe struggle to my mind for long past, but now I have been enabled to make my decision, peace has been my portion. I wish to be linked in the bonds of Christian fellowship with *every* true believer, of whatever profession, for *one* faith, *one* hope is surely ours—nothing less than a free and full salvation through the atonement of our Lord and Saviour. Oh ! that grasping this one great idea, *all* Christians might join together in His service, and view him as an ever present Friend, Mediator, and Saviour. Strengthen, O Lord ! our weak faith, and make us joyful in Thee ! Endue Thy ministers with righteousness and Thy people with praise.”

“ I have had a delightful season of intercourse with my dear and Christian friends at Hemel Hempstead : gratitude fills my heart in that I have so many dear ones, in spite of all my faults : let the sense of God’s goodness incite me to seek for best strength to overcome them. My visit to Cambridge and Earith was productive of much interest and enjoyment, yet I have need to bear continually in remembrance, ‘ Set your affections on things above :’ if we do this, there is no fear that we shall be led astray.”

"2nd Month, 1852.—Lord deliver me from temptation, has daily been my prayer of late: truly do I need heavenly support. Oh! my Saviour!—my unchanging Friend!—my Mediator with an all-wise Father!—grant me to feel that Thy atoning blood is all-sufficient to redeem. Since last I noted down thoughts in this book, dark clouds have dimmed my faith—my spirit has drunk deeply of the bitter draught of sorrow; but my feelings can record, that for all my backslidings, and distrust, and sin, Thy hand, O Father! is stretched out still."

"O Lord! sanctify my trials, support me in weakness, satisfy me in spiritual poverty, for Thou hast promised that none that trust in Thee shall be desolate!—desolate I do, indeed, often feel, but grant that Thy presence may go with me—direct me in my ways, and do Thou decide for me in all things, that I may say, 'Thy will be done!' And truly, to feel that against Thee only we have sinned has its composing consolations, for Thou art a God full of forgiveness and compassion, and knowest the frailties of Thy dependent creatures—'Casting all our care upon Thee, for Thou carest for us.'"

"My health may be failing me, but, Heavenly Father! still guide me by Thy counsel, and in Thy own good time receive me into glory; and for all my dear family do Thou perform the work of regenerating grace, that they may be called heirs of eternal

life, and, under the influence of Thy Holy Spirit, be enabled to leave all 'hindering things,' and seek first the Kingdom. Bless us this night, O Lord, for Jesus Christ's sake."

"Our greatest enemy is ever our own hearts. Sin is implanting thorns amid the sweetest flowers of the walks of life; but will it not be always thus while our souls are enshrined in this 'trembling house of clay?' Oh! what a glorious change, when the pearl gates open to us, and we put on our immortal robes, and are made 'saints of light,' divested of all sin and sorrow, and made one of those come out of 'great tribulation,'—redeemed spirits before the throne of God and the Lamb!"

"I often think, when I hear professing Christians say, when they have been maligned, or undeservedly ill-spoken of, or slighted in any way, that they will cease to act a friendly part towards their foe, and bitterly resent their wrongs, that they know little, *experimentally*, of that regenerating power which would lead them to forgive while they condemn, and to exercise that 'Charity which covereth a multitude of sins,' seeing how much we *all* stand in need of a daily revival of the prayer,—'Forgive us our trespasses *as* we forgive them that trespass against us.' There is a wide difference between what is called having too much spirit to bear ills quietly, and that true Christian dignity and self-respect which leads

to the determination that, let others do what they may, *we* will endeavour to 'serve the Lord,' who left us an example of a nature 'meek and lowly,' and left on sacred record his own blessed words,—'Be ye, therefore, perfect, even as your Father, which is in Heaven, is perfect.'"

"I often think of my precious departed sister; and a feeling, at times, comes over me, as though her spirit was permitted to commune with mine, and to reproach me for my rebellious murmurings against the dispensations of Providence, and her gentle voice saying to me, as it did on one occasion of sorrow,—'Fear not, dear girl, all will be for the best.' It requires a great exercise of faith to feel this, that, whatever befalls us, 'all will be for the best.' The words of the Apostle James are full of encouragement,—'count it all joy when ye fall into divers temptations,' showing that these temptations are designed by God to sanctify our hearts; and fully can I comprehend the truism they contain, for never do we so deeply feel our need of strength as in such seasons, nor our willingness to own the necessity of the prayer, 'Create in me a clean heart, O Lord, and renew a right spirit within me.'"

While I was detained from home by severe illness, dear Rebecca writes:—

MY BELOVED SISTER, *2nd Month, 1852.*

Thou hast been almost hourly the companion of my

thoughts, and fervently have I supplicated at a throne of grace that this illness may be sanctified to thee and that our Heavenly Father may not only permit thee a full restoration to health, but enable thee, under the influence of His Holy Spirit, to make an unreserved surrender of thy heart to thy Saviour ! Oh ! my precious sister, nothing short of this ought to satisfy us ; and though we may feel that we are frail as the flowrets of the sod, yet have we a great ' High Priest who is touched with a feeling of our infirmities,' and who is ever on the right hand of the Father, to intercede for sinners such as we. Friends may forsake, may prove unkind—pleasures may take themselves wings and flee away—sickness may blight, and misfortune may almost overwhelm, but, blessed assurance ! ' our light afflictions, which are but for a moment, will work for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory : ' and how encouraging those words of our Redeemer to his disciples, near the close of His wondrous career,—' In the world ye shall have tribulation, but be of good comfort : I have overcome the world ; ' and remember we, too, are his disciples, if we do what he has commanded us. Be not dismayed at the difficulties of the way, for though sin ' doth abound,' yet will ' grace much more abound,' and ' strength in weakness' will be vouchsafed : never let go thy faith, even when the ' waves come in like a flood.' "

Addressed to my dear sister, who was from home,
1852 :—

FEAR NOT FOR THE FUTURE!

MATT. vi. 34.

Fear not for the future!—its mystic revealings
Thy God, in His mercy, concealeth from thee;
But judge by past mercies, that gracious His dealings,
Whose love as a banner o'ershadoweth thee.

Fear not for the future!—for grace, as a portal,
Opes widely the entrance to happiness here—
To joy that is lasting, because 'tis immortal—
Perfected the more as to heaven we are near.

Fear not for the future!—faith's rainbow is shining
When clouds are oft' gath'ring the horizon around;
Soon, soon they'll disperse, and the trust so declining
Again be renewed without limit or bound.

Fear not for the future!—let hope be ascendant—
Hope founded and built on the Saviour alone;
A ray of His glory reflected—resplendent—
Shall light up thy spirit—my sister—my own!

Fear not for the future!—affliction's a blessing
When it leads our affections the nearer to God—
When we seek for the 'pearl' that is worth our possessing,
And acknowledge our Father's a chastening rod.

Fear not for the future!—all things work together
For good to the children of heavenly love:
Fear not for the future, through life's changeful weather,
For faith is the passport to mansions above.

REBECCA.

On the death of a dear friend, who died of consumption, she writes:—

SHE IS GONE TO GLORY!

To glory gone!—beloved one,
Thy spirit could not stay,
When thy Redeemer called thee
To realms of perfect day;
But it joined the many pure ones,
By grace from sin redeemed—
They who, while pilgrims upon earth,
Chief sinners oft-times seemed.

To glory gone!—'tis ever
The sweetest flowrets fade,
And those of brightest promise
By sickness soon are laid;
Yet when the hope sustains them
That Jesus' blood will save,
What earthly hope so comforting
As that beyond the grave!

To glory gone!—how beautiful
To cast remembrance back
Upon thy peaceful walk on earth—
Thy calm and useful track:
So gently, like a river,
Thy course was gliding on,
Now to a blest eternity
We feel that thou art gone!

To glory gone!—how blissful
To meet the ransomed throng,
Who now around the throne of God
Raise the triumphant song:

Worthy art Thou!—who'st given
 To us such glorious state,
 Thro' faith and humble trust in Thee,—
 The Lamb immaculate!

To glory gone!—we thank Thee,—
 Omnipotent!—Most High!—
 The blessing of eternal life
 Thou only canst supply:
 Be Thou with the bereaved ones,
 Whose grief is known to Thee—
 The guardian of the motherless,
 The orphan's guide Thou'lt be.

To glory gone!—and could we
 By wish of ours retain
 The friends who thus before us
 A better portion gain,
 Life would be mixed with sorrow,—
 With pain and changes still;
 And they, who're early called to heaven,
 Are safe from every ill.

To glory gone!—then may we
 Press forwards in the race,
 Leaving the things that are behind
 For a mansion in that place,
 Where nothing sinful enters,—
 Where the pure alone can dwell—
 There may we meet, thro' mercy:
 Beloved!—'till then, farewell!

REBECCA.

In 6th Month, 1852, she writes :—

“Often am I brought very low, under a sense of
 my sins and short-comings. When I would do well,

sin is ever present with me ; yet at times I have gleams of that "peace which passeth understanding." I believe my dear Saviour has made me, weak and erring as I am, one of His own ; that He designs me for future usefulness in His service ; that He has permitted me to feel the trials of many crosses and temptations, that my heart may be sanctified. O Lord ! sanctify it wholly ; sanctify my desires, my hopes, my fears, my joys, my sorrows, until faith may receive perfect fruition in Thy own good time. Thou hast permitted me to see again and again that I must not confer with flesh and blood, but seek guidance, strength, happiness supremely in Thee. Often do I feel deeply humbled under a consciousness of guilt. I see that I have not referred all things to Thee ; that I have not sought Thy blessing on every undertaking ; and, therefore, have I had to mourn with anguish of heart the consequence of neglecting to do Thy will. Oh, my God ! so guide and assist me at all times, that henceforth I may never act without first keeping in view my allegiance to Thee, the necessity of Thy Holy Spirit to direct me, and the power of redeeming love to bless and keep me in the faith."

"I greatly want a spirit of charity, for I am given to form judgment hastily, and to condemn where I ought to pity. Oh ! that a spirit of self-righteousness may be entirely subdued, for surely the remembrance of manifold sins ought ever to war earnestly

with such a spirit, and to make me ever remember the 'beam in my own eye;' thus shall I be very careful in speaking of or to others."

"There are a few very earnest resolutions which I desire to make. The first is, that I daily read a portion of the Scriptures alone, seeking for Divine guidance; that I be very constant in prayer, never making any decision without first asking to know the will of my Father in heaven; that I examine myself very closely every day, weighing my motives, and warring against all spiritual adversaries. So help me, Lord, that, though but as a babe in Christ, I may grow in grace, and show me the way in which I can best serve Thee; suffer not a love of change, or a naturally active or restless spirit, to have dominion over me. Oh, I do, indeed, feel that the Christian's life is a warfare—yes, a laborious warfare; but we have a captain of our salvation, under whose banner we may trust; and His banner over us is love, even a captain made 'perfect through suffering.' Shall we, then, shrink from a struggle with sin? Oh, no; but rather pray that, when sin doth abound, grace may much more abound. Grant, Oh! my Saviour! Thou who hast redeemed me I humbly trust, that even every thought may be brought into obedience to Thee; that every desire, every talent, every hour, may be consecrated to Thee: spare me further suffering for the past; enable me to say, 'Thy will be done;' and, for the future, be my shield, my rock, my refuge, my eternal hope!"

"The admiration I feel for intellectual attainments has been a great snare to me. Without these are sanctified gifts, they ought not to have our chief consideration. But where piety and learning are blended in the same individual, what a noble manifestation we have of a man in the image of his maker! Such was that eminent Christian, E. Bickersteth, whose life displays his early dedication to his God and Master; a beautiful example of filial love and zealous discipleship, worthy of the imitation of every Christian. Henceforth may I seek friendship among the pious alone. We ought to be affable and courteous to all, without distinction; but we ought especially to *love* those of the 'household of faith.'"

"June 27th.—This is the eve preceding the Sabbath. I do feel it a precious privilege to have one day set apart for greater communion with God, and to hear his word proclaimed in the sanctuary. Oh! may I realise the blessedness of drawing near to God,—of experiencing, in some measure, the foretaste of the glories of the 'upper sanctuary,' in the hallowed joys of devotional exercise. Truly, I am unworthy of all Thy mercies, renewed every morning. May Thy blessing, heavenly Father, rest upon my tract distribution, that a word in season may arouse, comfort, or animate some heart, and gather to the fold of the Good Shepherd the too often despised and poor."

"August 1st.—This evening I feel deeply humbled

under a sense of my backslidings. Many are the tears I have shed. Oh! the depravity of sin! Sometimes I feel the warfare is so great with it as almost to tempt me to give up the contest. Then, again, faith struggles for the mastery. My thoughts have been of the earth, earthy; my hopes have been earth-born hopes; my wishes have been worldly-minded; my conduct has bordered on levity; my affections have been on the side of earthly good. Oh, my God! and my dear Saviour! help me, thro' the Holy Spirit, to conquer my spiritual enemies; help me to struggle with sin; and gladden my spirit with the hope that, though a vile sinner, yet not altogether dead in trespasses and sins. Oh! to be entirely weaned from the world! to be no longer desirous of its attractions; to give up all for Christ; to work in His service; to have every unsanctified wish subdued. Oh! for that true humility and distrust of self, which will send me, as a little child, to the feet of my Saviour! which will take away all self-righteousness, and make me willing to follow the teachings of my Divine Master. Bless my hours of loneliness, Oh! Lord! and grant me more communion with Thee!"

"November 21st.—It is long since I have written my thoughts in this book; and now they are thoughts of grief. Comfort is for a season withdrawn. Yet will it revive again. Purify my heart, Oh! God! and enable me to give up all for Thee; to

submit to Thy dispensations, for they are mingled with mercy. Oh! enable me to resign whatever hinders my spiritual progress, and to cherish only such friendships as may tend to bring me nearer to Thee, for Jesus' sake. Oh, forgive my backslidings, and heal my diseases."

"I have been to Brighton and Reading, and have enjoyed the change to the former, and the society of my dear relatives at the latter place. May I enter upon my home duties with awakened zeal; and be Thou my guide and comforter, oh! my God and Saviour! I thank Thee for the improvement in my dear sister's health. Grant that it may continue!"

"January 1st, 1853.—I begin a new year with a feeling of much depression, on account of my daily shortcomings. Alas! how often is my conduct inconsistent with my principles;—how often does my conversation savour of folly and the world. I find a disposition to try to suit every body a great snare; thus am I often led to compromise myself from a desire not to be unpleasantly differing from another: this is a want of watchfulness on my part; and bearing in mind whose disciple I profess to be, help me, Oh Lord! to give up all that is displeasing to Thee, and grant that this new year may witness a 'growth in grace:' enable me to feel no care for the morrow—to have no anxiety as to temporal things, (for Thy mercies are renewed every morning,) but to

be caring for the 'one thing needful;'—let that alone arouse my fears. Oh! Lord! hold Thou me up, so shall I be saved from all spiritual adversaries!"

For several years prior to my dear sister's decease, she had the Bible Class of the Sunday School in connection with Hanover Chapel, and earnest were her desires for the best welfare and improvement of the girls under her care; and though, as regards some of these, she was much discouraged, yet, with respect to others, she was much cheered; and though her spirit was often cast down, feeling her own weakness, a blessing will undoubtedly rest upon her prayerful labours and fervent desires for their advancement in the way everlasting, even though it may be like "bread cast upon the waters, to return after many days." The following extracts from some letters written by our beloved Rebecca, to one of her "dear girls," will show the deep interest she felt in, and the true solicitude she felt for them:—

DEAR E——:

January 7th, 1853.

It gave me pleasure to receive a few lines from you, informing me of your admission as a member of a Christian Church; and it is my earnest desire that you may so walk as a disciple of Jesus, that you may never bring dishonour on your profession of faith: to do this, my dear E——, you must not rely on your *own* strength, for "of ourselves" we can, indeed, "do nothing;" distrust of self will lead you to the foot

of the cross, where you will learn of Him who was meek and lowly in heart, and He will give you the influence of the Holy Spirit, to guide and direct you, for—

• “Nearest the throne itself must be
The footstool of humility.”

I rejoice with you in the experience you have already had of spiritual delight, and trust such joy may often be yours; but believe me, dear girl, there will be clouds as well as sunshine, but let not these discourage you, for they will be but trials of your faith and love, sent by the hand of a “Father in heaven.”

I would affectionately urge you to watchfulness and prayer, for they are constantly needed by the follower of Christ. Be very careful in forming friendships, for, at your early age, your character and mind will be much influenced by them, and prefer such as bear evidence that they are disciples indeed.

Believe me to be,

Your sincerely interested friend and teacher,

REBECCA F——.

TO THE SAME.

DEAR E——:

June, 1853.

It gave me sincere pleasure and satisfaction to have your letter, containing, as it does, a written evidence of the growth of Divine things in your heart; and

fervent are my desires that the good seed implanted there by the Holy Spirit's influence, may ripen into perfect fruition till transplanted into the garden above. We cannot too earnestly pray that the thorns or cares of this life may not be allowed to choke the springing seed, so as to mar our usefulness, or cast a reproach upon our Christian profession. As we walk through the world we find many things to prove our faith, and test our love and allegiance to Him who hath redeemed us; but when we can feel that our Saviour is our Guide—our Comforter—surely the trials and changes of our lot—the temptations and disappointments which must, more or less, be our inevitable portion, will draw us nearer to Him, and stimulate us to gain those gifts which nothing can take away. Our Mediator himself was made perfect through suffering, and can His followers be exempt from them? I would affectionately encourage you to go forward—to trust, to watch, to pray, to strive against all doubts, all discouragements, all despondencies—to show, by a cheerful submission to all the dispensations of a kind Father's love, that you are, indeed, one of His children: to feel that you are such an one, to me is a delightful thought: and if I have been, through God's grace, in any small degree, a means of help or encouragement to you, happy do I count myself, feeling truly that I am compassed with infirmities, and of myself can do no good thing. I am sorry to lose you from the class, but could not stand in the way of your use-

fulness. May God's blessing rest upon your new undertaking [as teacher to one of the junior classes]. Commending you to Him who is able to keep you from falling, and to present you faultless before His throne, with exceeding joy, I remain, with love and increased interest,

Your affectionate friend and teacher,

REBECCA F——.

The following lines may best find a place here:—

PRAY WITHOUT CEASING.

1 THESS. v. 17.

Child of earth!—be quick to pray:—
Heir of heaven!—make no delay:—
Pilgrim in a world where sin
Works without and dwells within,—
Strong in faith,—Oh! therefore, go,
Where the healing waters flow.

Never lose thy steadfast hold,
Never quit the Saviour's fold;
Ever combat with despair,
Ever leave to God thy care;
Never for a single day
Think,—I have forgot to pray!

Sinner, rouse thee to a sense
Of thy need of a defence!
Prayer's the armory which thou
Needest to wear upon thy brow—
Prayer's thy shield in sorrow's hour—
Yield thee to its soothing power!

E'en the Prince of Peace divine
Did His soul in prayer resign,
When He wept in love for thee,
In the lone Gethsemane,
When the ransom He did pay
For His foe—oh! He could pray!

Prayer shall give thy spirit rest
When thou art the most distressed;
Prayer thy fettered soul shall free
From the cares that fain must be;
Prayer will help thee to decide,
When by doubt thou mayest be tried.

Every hour doth with it bring
Some temptation from within;
Every moment, as it flies,
Leaves thee nearer to the skies;
Every change doth say to thee,
"Watch and pray!"—oh! bow the knee!

When in childhood's sunny hour,
When in youth's more vigorous power,
When in manhood's noble prime,
When in life's mature decline,
Or in age's trembling stage,
Still let prayer thy heart engage.

Incense wafted up to heaven,
Sunbeam unto mortals given,
Dearer to a God of love
Than the fairest gift can prove,
Step-stone at religion's shrine,
Fainting sinner—make it thine.

Make it thine! Oh! it will be
A sure safeguard unto Thee—
Solace in the hour of trial,
Aid to truth and self-denial—
A balm refreshing all the way
To worlds above:—Oh! therefore, pray!

REBECCA.

Under date of March 23rd of this year, we find this memorandum:—

“On the evening of this day, I was publicly baptised at Camden Chapel, by Mr. Moore. It was, indeed, a solemn and impressive ceremony. I felt it to be a season of deep baptism of spirit, and one calling for heartfelt gratitude to God, in that He had made me willing thus to dedicate myself. Outwardly calm I was; internally, much agitated; and when the solemn vow was asked and given, tears came to my relief. I felt tremblingly alive to the responsibility I was incurring, and my spirit joined in the prayers of the occasion. Many were, I believe, offered up on my behalf, besides those of the congregation. Oh! heavenly Father! grant Thou an answer to them. Help me to be more decided for Thee and for my Saviour, whose disciple I have professed and desire to be; and aid me by thy Holy Spirit each day of my life, that my future walk may not bring reproach upon my Christian profession, but that I may bear much fruit to Thy praise. Amen.”

"April 9th.—I am all alone this evening,—my family at Blackheath. I find it most profitable to have a time of quiet occasionally, and am of opinion that there can be little growth in grace without frequent communion with God. Oh! the power of sin! how often does it impede our progress in our heavenward journey! With me it is, alas! so frequent a guest, that I sometimes think surely no one can inherit greater natural depravity; surely no one professing discipleship with Jesus can less prove the reality of such a blessed privilege. I know I am much and sorely tried, but no excuse can avail; but the want of watchfulness unto prayer is acknowledged with sorrow. When we do not feel a pleasure in prayer, a longing to cast all our cares on our Father above, we may be sure that all is not right with us, that we are suffering loss for want of vigilance over ourselves, or that we have neglected to seek for strength from above, and are in danger of falling asleep in the garden of indolence or pleasure. Grant me grace, Oh! God! to withstand temptation, and let Thy Spirit guide and direct me, for my Redeemer's sake."

"May 29th.—The last few weeks have been a time of great domestic affliction. Sometimes I have felt well nigh overwhelmed—that life has felt, indeed, a burden—that I have longed to be for ever freed from the trials of mortality; but this is a morbid feeling to give way to, and I strive hard to conquer it—to view all events as at the disposal of best

wisdom, and as so many proofs of our need of discipline. My health is but feeble; and, when I look back a few months, I feel discouraged about it; every exertion seems an effort, and my mind has sympathised with my physical powers, so that great effort has to be maintained to keep useful and cheerful. Oh! Lord! in Thy own good time visit me with the gentle dews of Thy consolation, and make me to feel, in the language of a Christian formerly—

‘Now I know, whate’er betide,
All is well if Christ be mine:
He hath promised to provide,
I have only to resign!’

This resignation to Thy will, Oh! my God! I pray Thee grant unto me, for my rebellious heart would too often choose a destiny for itself.”

“6th Month, 16th.—I have felt very low of late; outward trials and inward conflicts have been my portion. I have been stripped of that sweet peace that I have sometimes enjoyed. My sad heart has brooded over undesirable things. Such a loneliness have I felt, that I cannot enjoy things as I ought—much to reproach myself for in past occurrences—much to teach me how frail I am—much to bring me to the feet of my Saviour—much to awaken fear—much to crush earthly expectations; but amid all I would be made sensible of my need of all this discipline; and I would not forget whose hand deals

with me in mercy. Quicken, O Lord! my weak faith, enliven my hope, draw my spirit nearer to Thee, make me to know myself, and, with the crook of Thy love, gather me into Thy kingdom of rest and holiness in Thy own good and best time."

"January 15th, 1854.—It is long since I made my record here; yet I would note down with humble thankfulness the blessings which have been strewn in my path for so long a time. My mind has been freed from undue anxiety on spiritual things. I have felt that I could 'commit my way unto the Lord;' that I have a personal interest in the great salvation; that I have a Saviour, indeed; and, although many backslidings have to be acknowledged, many sinful acts to be mourned over, yet do I feel that a gracious hand has led and guided me into the green pastures, and that, by faith in Him, I can often say 'I will fear no evil.' Blessed privilege that of the Christian! and to which no earthly gift can bear comparison. Now, Oh! Lord! keep me watchful, humble, and prayerful—let Thy spirit guide me in all things; and grant that it may be my meat and my drink to do Thy will. Oh! that I may say, 'Lord, how I love Thy law!' yea, that 'Thy law is within my heart!' I have settled down in fellowship with the congregation at Hanover chapel. There I feel I can best serve the Lord; and there I feel I can give myself up to greater usefulness. My dear class encourage me to persevere. Oh! how great is His goodness

who hath dealt so many gifts—health, happiness, and freedom from trouble!

“On the 9th instant, at ten minutes after seven in the morning, our beloved pastor (Dr. Collyer) gently passed over the waters of Jordan, and is now in the better land, amongst the ransomed of all ages, singing praises in the upper sanctuary. Oh! that we may meet him there, when this earth shall be no longer our dwelling place. I took a last look of that venerable countenance on Tuesday evening, after the prayer meeting. Beautiful he looked in death! Oh! that his removal may be a call to many to ‘prepare to meet their God!’ and Oh! that a double portion of his spirit may fall upon his successor. May the clothing of charity be ours—love and Christian fellowship animate our hearts—and the peace that passeth understanding comfort the mourners in Zion.”

Dear Rebecca was keenly alive to the unchristian practice of war. She writes:—

“Oh! how much misery and sin does the pomp and pageant of the world cover! and how much more does the honour of an earthly kingdom occupy the noblest powers of man than the honour of the kingdom of Christ, to which all kingdoms are eventually to yield! If we trace war to its right source, we shall ever find that the words of the Apostle James are

true—that it is ‘lust,’ either of power, ambition, or overbearing will, which creates so great an evil, even though the Allwise may permit good to arise out of it; but faith’s beckoning voice whispers that the time will come when the nations will ‘learn war no more.’ Oh! blessed state, when all learning shall tend to glorify God!—when the knowledge of Him ‘shall cover the earth as the waters cover the sea!’”

STANZAS

COMPOSED AFTER HEARING OF THE VICTORY GAINED IN INDIA,
WHEN A PRAYER OF THANKSGIVING WAS REQUESTED TO BE
READ IN ALL THE CHURCHES.

Thousands are slain beneath the sword
Of the all-conquering foe;
Through the surviving hosts the word
Of victory doth go.

Say, who shall weep for those who fell
Amid the scene of strife—
The sire, the sister, and the friend,
The mother, and the wife?

They will not bless the victory
That wrought their loved one’s death;
To them it sounds like mockery,
That pealing anthem’s breath.

And can a Christian spirit feel
Such conquest to be given,
With all its horrors, as the seal
Of an approving heaven?

Does He who taught the doctrine pure
Of peace and love to all
Bless our wild passions, and secure
An erring brother’s fall?

No! His a heaven-taught fellowship,
That makes a foe a friend,
That whispers, "Love your enemies,"
Whatever ills attend.

And where, when all life's storms are o'er,
Will they who fight be found?
The soldier strong in Jesus' might
Treads not such blood-stained ground.

Oh, England! doth the voice of praise
Ascend on high from thee?
And can thy people thus rejoice
In such a victory?

And canst thou think the Almighty hand
Could favour such a fight?
A God of love and mercy, too!—
To bless is His delight.

Soon may thy rulers hail the day
When, swords to ploughshares turned,
Of thy fair isle each land on earth
Its peaceful laws has learned.

Then will thy patriot sons be glad,
And hail, with one accord,
That there's a nobler victory
Than that by fire and sword.

Then will no wailing hearts deplore,
Through war, their dearest ties;
But from thy favoured, peaceful shores
A true thanksgiving rise.

REBECCA.

Our beloved one had a heart that tenderly sympa-

thised with those in affliction. To a dear friend, in a season of bereavement, she writes :—

“ How surprised and shocked I felt on receiving your sad tidings respecting Miss F——! and yet, why sad, if her spirit is with Jesus—spared the trials of a lengthened sojourn here, and her’s a life of praise? What a blessed exchange, if such, which I trust is the case. But it is the mourning circle who have my sympathy—you, dear, among that number, for her loss is no slight one. What a lesson it conveys, ‘Prepare to meet thy God!’ One after another are gone before, and *we* are not gathered. Is it that we are not ready, or that we have a work to do. Oh! dear! that these visitations may have the effect of making us use greater diligence in the all-important work of salvation, looking more earnestly and prayerfully to the Author and Finisher of our faith. I trust you will be supported; and may a blessing rest upon you, and great comfort be with the mourning household.”

Dear Rebecca took great delight in the beauties of nature; and, with the Psalmist, she could exclaim,—“Oh! Lord! how manifold are Thy works; in wisdom hast Thou made them all; the earth is full of Thy riches!” She thus describes a little visit into Derbyshire:—

“I am so full of a charming little trip I have been

taking into Derbyshire. I accompanied my dear father and sister thus far on their journey into Yorkshire, where they now are attending the General Meeting of Friends, held at Ackworth (the establishment where I was in part educated, and which is endeared to me by many happy and hallowed recollections). We set off together on Monday morning, very early, and arrived at Matlock Bath to a late dinner. We rambled about in that romantic scenery till the sun was declining on the hills, and every acclivity was bathed in mist. Oh! what glorious hills those are!—picturesque dales, sweet woods, and meandering streams ever and anon making music in a little cataract, and all hushing the senses into peace and happiness. I cannot describe my intense love of nature's beauties; and the line of Keats is fully realised, that 'a thing of beauty is a joy for ever'—present and then retrospective—'lost to sight, but to memory dear.' The next morning was glorious: from our hotel we could peep into the sweet vale, crowned with woods, and the heights and High Tor. After breakfast we rambled on these heights, by what are called the Romantic Rocks, Stonnis, and nearly to the top of Masson Rock. Every turn gave an extensive view, as though nature had been touched with a wizard's wand; and no sanctified spirit could help feeling that 'the hand that made them is Divine.' After this we went by rail to Rowsley, for Chatsworth: from thence a ride of about three miles—such a ride, too!—brought us into the park and up

to the gates of this noble mansion. I cannot say that the house or grounds at all exceeded my expectation; but the neighbourhood did—my only regret was to leave it so soon."

"ALL THY WORKS PRAISE THEE!"

The works of nature's ever fairy hand
Attest the praises of our covenant God;
From every region, every far-off land,
Springs forth a blessing from the lowly sod,
Teaching earth's children from each lovely gem
Of seeming beauty thoughts of filial love;
Each globe of light and starry diadem
That gilds the distant arch of heaven above.

For He who "formed the everlasting hills,"
And capped the mountains with eternal snows,—
Who waters earth by the sweet sparkling rills—
Fountains of purity that onward flow:
He gives to nature's laws unceasing power,
And seasons roll in an untiring round:
The forest monarch and the penciled flower
Show where the finger of our God is found!

His gifts are seen wherever we may tread,—
On foreign shores, or in our island home;
Around, above, His attributes are spread,—
Beneath our feet, or where heaven's azure dome
Encircles earth in an unknown expanse,
With thousands of shining orbs revolving there,
Seeming, to finite creatures, as the glance
Of an Almighty eye, with guardian's care;—

Care that extends o'er each created form,—
Man's god-like image, or the insect's wing,—
The tiny leaflet, or the crawling worm,
And busy tribes that vernal breezes bring;—

The ocean surges that retain their bound
Within set limits at each foaming tide,
While the moon's gentle splendour beams around,
Inviting homage, heartfelt and allied.

My God and Father! if Thou thus hast made
This earth so full of beauty and delight,
Surely the world above must be arrayed
In glory far surpassing mortal sight!
If here Thy smiles Thy sovereign goodness prove,
And gladness give to those who own Thy sway,
How bright the radiance of Thy heavenly love
In that fair home that knoweth not decay!

Teach us, by tokens of Thy matchless power,
Whether in storm or calm, Thyself to see;—
Teach us, in sunny days or sorrows hour,
In deep humility to worship Thee:
So shall the changes of these scenes below,
Raise our thoughts upwards to that blissful home,
Where gathered nations, fearing Thee, shall go
To sound Thy praises at the eternal throne!

REBECCA.

My dear sister had felt her health, which was never robust, failing her for some little time, and thought a decided change might benefit it; and this hope induced her to take a voyage to America, to visit our brothers and other relatives residing there: so, in company with some friends, Mr. and Mrs. J——, from New York, who had been making a tour into Europe, on the morning of the 22nd of 9th Mo., 1855, she quitted her island home, as the sequel proved, never to return to it. Oh! never shall I forget our last embrace!—well might we cling so tenaciously to

each other, for coming events will, sometimes, cast their shadows before. While in America dear Rebecca kept a diary, thinking it might interest her friends on her return. Of the voyage she thus writes:—

“September 22nd.—Left Southampton, at half-past four, p.m., in a tender for the ‘North Star:’ the vessel not being in sight when we reached Cowes, we landed, and made an unsuccessful effort to get some tea. The Isle of Wight looked most picturesque, basking in the sunset of a bright eve; while a great contest was taking place among the passengers for tea, etc., the gun sounded, and a general rush towards our tender took place, on board of which we were conveyed to our ocean steamer which lay waiting for us off shore; it was about nine o’clock, and the stars were looking down upon us with uncommon lustre.

“23rd.—The Sabbath morning dawned upon us most brightly, and the coasts of ‘merrie England’ were presented to us throughout the day, reposing in such glorious sunshine, that they are even now continually present to remembrance. Service was conducted in the morning by a Roman Catholic priest. When I went down to dinner, I began to feel the ‘dreadful sensations,’ and from that time until the following Friday or Saturday was fairly stricken, scarcely able to lift up my poor head, and to dress myself was out of the question. The weather was fine most of the way, with occasional rain and

clouds, and frequent head-winds; one night was a fearful one, the storm raged a mighty hurricane, some alarm was felt, and about fifty gentlemen were up on deck; the captain came round occasionally to assure us that 'all was right,' but very right we did not feel; at last the storm abated, and bright, clear, and cold weather succeeded. On the Sunday, service was conducted by a Scotch Presbyterian minister, from Edinburgh. The weather off the coast of Newfoundland was very fine, and perfectly free from those dangerous fogs which prevail off that coast; it was intensely cold, and we passed several icebergs, one of which was extremely beautiful—the sun was shining brightly upon it, and there only wanted a few polar bears to complete the picture. On the morning that the desired land promised to be in sight, I rose before sunrise, that I might lose nothing, and witnessed a sight I have often heard described, but never saw before; the orb of day rising above the deep blue ocean, for a more brilliant morning it would be impossible to imagine than that on which we first hailed the American shores, and the sea was really intensely blue, the sky cloudless, except the streaks of morning's dawn. Oh! such a magnificent entrance to New York! I cannot describe its magical beauty. Fancy such a morning, and our bark gliding between scenery bold and grand, studded with beautiful villas, Staten Island, crowned with woods, and fairy-like homes peeping through everywhere, innumerable white-sailed vessels, and, in the far distance, the shipping

in the harbour, and the busy city of New York. We were in dock before ten o'clock, a.m., and were delighted to set foot on *terra-firma*. I like New York much, it is a handsome counterpart of Liverpool, much more advantageously situated, but not to be compared with London; the streets are wide and laid out with much symmetry and methodical arrangement—many of them, with the dwellings, are magnificent—the public buildings are few, and no public gardens or parks of any size yet adorn the vicinity; a commercial aspect reigns everywhere, and a cheerfulness and gaiety pervades everything. My brother J——, drove me through the best portions of the city, took me to the Battery, into the Exchange and Trinity Church; the City Hall is the lion in the way of public buildings. I have visited the Crystal Palace, the building is light and elegant, with a handsome centre dome; but, in size and interest, very unimportant to one who has seen the far-famed one in Hyde Park, or the surpassing beauty of Sydenham's glory.

“29th October.—My sister took me to ‘Greenwood Cemetery;’ we went by stage, ferry-boat, and railway cars to the gate; it is, indeed, an enchanting place, though giving birth to melancholy associations. I imagine it to be the finest in the world for picturesqueness and primeval beauty, and then the views are so fine and extensive; the monuments are thickly scattered o’er ‘hill and dell and coppice dense,’ nearly

all of white marble, and some of them very splendid and costly—others perfectly ludicrous in their decorations.

“80th.—Left New York at seven o'clock. a.m., for Hudson (where our brother F—— and uncle and aunt reside); went by steamboat up the beautiful river: the fame of the scenery it commands has not been exaggerated. I believe it is considered, by those who have seen both, quite equal to the far-famed Rhine scenery; and I do not myself doubt it—high towering rocks and majestic mountains, with woody foliage to the river's brink, and extensive prospects in the far distance, besprinkled by the picturesque white dwellings, with their green verandahs. Occasionally we stopped at cheerful-looking towns, or landing-places, situated where nature is scarcely to be surpassed, then gliding over the broad and beautiful river, where the shadows lay so marvellous. I enjoyed it much in its autumn dress, which lent a charm to it for me. Arrived at Hudson about three, p.m.; my dear aunt welcomed me warmly—our greeting was an affecting one, after eighteen years' separation. Hudson is about the size of High Wycombe—houses chiefly of wood, painted white, with green Venetian shades, giving a clean, neat aspect to the place; the neighbourhood is romantic and beautiful, with the ever grand range of Catskill mountains forming the back-ground to the scene, and the glassy waters of the river flowing peacefully

through the valley. The Hudson Highlands, as they are called, with their towering rocks, covered with the varied autumnal foliage, and the beautiful panoramas on each shore of the broad smooth waters present a picture which every lover of nature must delight to gaze upon. Once, near sunset, I noticed a colouring on the landscape I had never seen before—a lovely violet tint on the mountains and hills which quite enthralled me, and brought to remembrance that beautiful hue in the Chapel of the Alhambra Court, in the Crystal Palace, at Sydenham; but, Oh! what a contrast!—the one was the mark of man's hand, the other betrayed the finger of a God!

“November 5th.—Set out with my brother F—— on a tour through Dutchess County, to attend two Quarterly Meetings and two Monthly Meetings; left early, and rode through many miles of hilly, romantic country—the roads so bad that we were four hours going the first fourteen miles, and five miles an hour on them is considered a quick pace; kept my seat with difficulty, and found that I was ‘well shaken when taken;’ the sun shone out about noon, and gave intense brightness to the scene. Dined at Mary Hoag's—her daughter entertained us with great kindness; went on ten miles farther, to A. Dual's; supped and lodged there, and set off early next morning for Beekman; the sun was eclipsed by clouds; attended the two Meetings—the Meeting-house is in a rural spot; dined at D. Cong-

don's, with many 'Friends;' took tea at his brother Philip's, and returned to D. Congdon's to lodge.

"7th.—Weather dull and cloudy; attended the meeting for worship; dined at G. Congdon's, the father of the flock; rode eight miles after dinner, to Jonathan Flagler's, and spent a very pleasant day there—his wife was a dear friend of dear Eliza F—— (our brother F——'s late wife).

"8th.—A wet day—the rain like a Scotch mist; rode sixteen miles to Joseph Haveland's, where we met with great cordiality; stayed till the next morning.

"9th.—Rode six miles to Stanford Quarterly Meeting: the sun shone clear and bright, and the prospect was very fine; dined at T. Palmer's; called at T. Arnold's, about half-a-mile's walk; lodged at T. Palmer's—met many 'Friends' there.

"10th.—Morning beautiful; rode six miles to A. Underhill's; dined there, and went on nine miles to R. Swift's; very kindly received; stayed till next morning.

"11th.—Rode three miles to Meeting; went on eleven miles to R. Mitchell's; weather cloudy; the country very hilly and rocky, with great boldness of outline; reached South Amenia about two o'clock;

spent nearly two days there, and I enjoyed my visit much; walked over the farm to the boundary of Connecticut State; on the night of the 12th, a terrible storm arose; early in the evening a sad accident happened on the railway a few miles from us; a sudden gust of wind, at an exposed spot, blew a train off the line; some lives were lost, and much damage done.

“13th.—A brilliant day after the tempest; took leave of our kind friends after breakfast, and rode about sixteen miles through some of the most romantic scenery I have ever seen, where in summer the calmia and azalia bloom abundantly; part of it reminded me of Matlock, but wilder and bolder; reached Joseph Flagler’s during a gorgeous sunset, with the lovely purple tint I have before remarked; spent the evening and night there agreeably.

“14th.—Left for Poughkeepsie, five miles; the ride very picturesque, the prospect grand and extensive; F—— drove round College Hill to gratify my vision; from thence the view is magnificent; went to meeting; called on cousin M. A. Degroff; dined and finished the day at Joseph Collins’—his house is beautifully situated; weather cloudy.

“15th.—Dined with cousin M. A. Degroff and her family; previously called on uncle M. F——, and R. Flagler’s; left about two o’clock for A. Underhill’s, fourteen miles; weather gloomy and rainy.

"16th.—Dined at H. Bedel's; took tea and spent the night at Paul Upton's—he is a fine old man, and has lived seventy-four years in his own house; weather mild and rainy.

"17th.—A sharp frost set in; left for Hudson; were overtaken in a snow storm; found it bitterly cold; very glad to reach my journey's end soon after dark: we had travelled about two hundred miles, and experienced great kindness and hospitality from the 'Friends' and farmers where we went."

Our dear Rebecca had never wholly recovered the effects of the severe cold taken during the voyage to America; and, her cough still continuing very troublesome, Dr. C——, of Hudson, was called in. She writes:—

"20th.—Weather frosty and clear; took a walk with cousin E—— up Academy Hill; Dr. C—— came in the evening and examined my lungs; his opinion is that considerable disease exists in the left lung: this I expected, and was not surprised at his thinking my health in a precarious state.

"24th.—Wind in the night, and this morning quite furious; the beautiful spire of a new church in this town blown down early in the morning; much damage done, but no lives endangered; the sky clear, and sun shining; took tea at Maria Marriott's.

"25th.—Went to the Presbyterian church; heard an address on the great want and deficiency of candidates for the Gospel ministry. Inclination or a call for the work appears to be small in this country, and a great lack of means felt.

"27th.—Weather pleasant and bright; my health a little improved; walked out twice.

"December 4th.—Weather continuing fine; F—took me a nice ride of about ten miles, round Columbia Springs, where there is a beautiful stream, with fall and rapids; on the bank a large factory is carried on; the springs are chalybeate; the wind in the south trying, corresponding to our east winds in England; attended a lecture in the evening, by Horace Mann; he is a first-rate American specimen of a 'man of parts;' his subject, 'Man in common with the brute,' was made interesting by the wit and talent of the author.

"6th.—Went to tea with M. J. Macy, and accompanied her to a juvenile concert; about two hundred children sang, and a quartette club from Albany in turns with them. I much enjoyed it; the children's voices were very 'thrilling,' and their appearance most interesting.

"9th.—The Sabbath.—It snowed at sunrise, but turned to rain, wind in the south; a very wet, unplea-

sant day; my health compels me to forego the privilege of attending a place of worship: this privilege I have often been deprived of since I came to this country, and is one I feel the loss of very much. I often try to think myself well, but again and again am I reminded of the slender thread by which a state of comparative freedom from disease is maintained. May I be truly thankful that the precious gift of health is, as it were, being still held in the balance, so that I am not as yet weighed down by any pressure of suffering. The Lord grant me more grace to submit to His will in all things! and then, come life, come death, I may be alike prepared! I have been reading to-day in the Book of Job. What a wonderful example of patient trust in God! and how exquisitely beautiful are some of his words, declaring the power and goodness and justice of God! Oh! that Christian believers could more often adopt the language of his pious heart—‘What? shall we receive good at the hands of God, and shall we not receive evil?’

“12th.—A bright morning, but intensely cold. My health is much improved—I begin to feel encouraged about it: sometimes I am so extremely wanting in energy that it quite depresses me, then again I feel a ‘stranger in a strange land,’ longing for the companionship of some dear to me, from whom I am now severed by so great a distance; my plans have been thwarted, and though they have not been so by any

fault of my own, yet my enjoyment has been much marred by it. These disappointments in our path through life are no doubt wisely ordered for us, for, surely, without them this earth has so much of beauty and happiness to offer, that we should be in danger of living for this world alone. The Lord grant that my soul may be admonished by these things to 'seek first the Kingdom,' in faith, believing that all things needful will be granted: nothing can 'separate us from the love of God in Christ Jesus our Lord.

"Went a beautiful walk with F—— over North Bay, to the woods; the hoar frost cracked under our feet, and the stream, that usually meandered through the hollow, was frozen quite hard; the cascade hung in fairy icicles in the romantic dell, and the cedar trees gave a vernal aspect to the scene—it must be a sweet spot in summer time, but my heart was, to-day, too depressed to enjoy it fully."

So fearful was dear Rebecca of making the beloved circle at home unduly anxious respecting the state of her health, that for a long time she kept them in ignorance of her frequent indisposition, and requested her friends not to mention the subject to them. To a dear friend she thus writes:—

"The remarks I make on this subject must not, please, be made a matter of comment to any one of my family, or in a quarter where it would reach their

ears, as they might be unduly anxious : suffice it for them to know that I am not quite well, as I am in hopes that, bye-and-bye, I may be able to tell them of my improved strength ;—the fact is, dear S——, the doctor is afraid I shall go into a decline, and says, that if I do not get better soon, I may be much worse in a few months ; but, as I am certainly better than when he was first called in, I see no grounds for present apprehensions, as I believe, should I become worse, it would be very, very gradually. I have felt out of health for a long time, and I have felt, at times, an unaccountable depression, quite at variance with my usually active and ardent spirit.”

In her diary, on the 13th of 12th Month, she writes :—

“ Dr. C—— called ; had an attack of pain in my side, in the night, but it did not last so long as sometimes ; felt that all boasting as to health must be excluded.

“ 16th.—Very wet, and caught cold ; was obliged to deny myself the privilege of going to church, my health being too delicate to venture. Read in Job, and J. J. Gurney's life ; in the evening wrote to dear S. S—— and Cousin M—— ; had an attack of inflammation in my side before I finished ; in much pain all night. Dr. C—— sent for in the morning ; had to keep my bed most of the day ; the position of

the chest in writing is considered very bad for me ; must be careful not to write long together.

"18th.—A cold cloudy day ; still very poorly, but the pain much abated ; cough very troublesome in the night. Attended a lecture in the City Hall in the evening, one of the best I have ever heard, by Henry Ward Beecher—the subject, "Mirthfulness." It was a splendid essay, the author proving that a right use of this faculty is one of the most beneficent gifts bestowed upon man, and far more useful, as an appendage to reason and happiness, than is generally believed, chasing care, asceticism, and dark, brooding discontent, often dispelling discord and rancour, and presenting things in any other light than that of gloom. Surely there is a successful manner to be studied in all things ; and for want of a happy *tact* how many good intentions are lost upon the world. His remarks on happiness and care were beautiful in the extreme. I enjoyed hearing him much, though the attempt to do so seemed rather rash, but I tied my mouth up, and was laden with wraps, and do not feel the worse for the pleasure."

It was astonishing how much dear Rebecca was able to get out, notwithstanding her frequent attacks of serious indisposition ; but her natural energy was so great, that it often carried her through much that a person of less energy could not have accomplished.

"21st.—Thermometer twelve degrees below freezing point. J. Gould took me in the morning to the public school, with which I was greatly pleased. It is considered one of the best of its kind. I am compelled to think that, in the facilities for the education of the masses, America is greatly superior to England. The system of a small taxation universally adopted to educate the people appears to answer well, unencumbered, as it is, with any sectarian differences, which in our country are so much to be deplored—but to describe the school: when all collected and seated in order, they presented an appearance of neatness, cleanliness, and good manners, I have never seen exceeded; a quiet ease and self-possession I have often remarked here; no loud signals were required, but the tiniest bell imaginable, and something that made a slight cracking noise, acted with magical effect, and commanded all the attention needed; then the thirteenth chapter of the first of Corinthians was recited simultaneously, and then a sacred hymn sung sweetly, after which the Lord's Prayer was said with due reverence, all in concert, then they branched off to their classes, and we heard one on mental arithmetic; again they collected, and sung 'The Old Oaken Bucket;' to their classes again, when I looked over some of their compositions; another collecting, and a sweet piece sung, 'The Opening Rose;' then recess, when we went into the primary or infant school, and heard them sing; back into the larger school again, and saw them write;

felt much gratified, and just looked into the negro school—there were only ten scholars—it is badly supported : this class does not appear sufficiently to value the importance of a good education for their children ; received letters from my dear sister, and brother B—— ; rejoiced to hear of my dear ones so far away.”

HOME.

How much of music in this word is blended,
As “Home, sweet home,” vibrates upon the ear,
A train of joyous thoughts, by love attended,
Or treasured memories that produce a tear !
Home of our early years, where parents’ fondness
Guarded the feeble hours of infancy ;
Home of our childish hope, where active kindness
Lulled the young spirit with its sympathy ;
Home of our first and purest recollection ;
Home, where a flow’ry pathway we have trod ;
Home, where a mother’s voice of sweet affection
First tuned the lips to breathe their prayer to God !

Home of our youth ! where a loved band unparted,
(As oft in after years they will not be,)
Of brothers buoyant, sisters girlish-hearted,
Shedding myrth’s music in their freedom’s glee :
And when, in riper years, the storm has gathered
Around a lot that erst hath known no grief ;
When clouds of adverse mien earth’s hope hath shadow’d,
And gleams of sunshine may be few and brief ;
Then will the spirit turn with fond remembrance
To childhood’s home and evanescent hours,
And fancy bring to view each lov’d remembrance
That twines with mem’ry life’s sweet vernal flowers.

The love of home to the young pair just enter'd,
With glowing hope, upon life's dearest tie,
Is doubly blest when hearts entwin'd are centered
Upon the joys of immortality :
How fair the picture that their thoughts are weaving
Of future years, which time alone can tell:
How bright the sunshine they are thus receiving
From long tried love and friendship cherished well ;
Surely, the bounteous giver of existence
Scatters His blessings wheresoe'er we roam,
And, when the tempest threatens in the distance,
Gives light and peace within the humblest home.

Even the sons of daily toil and sorrow,
Earning their bread with deeply furrow'd brow,
Still trusting on for each uncertain morrow,
Hope against hope in temporal things below,
Retain their love of some lone spot that's hallow'd
By love's remembrance, and a home to *them* ;
For, tho' a struggling lot their souls hath shadow'd,
Hope's whispering voice reminds them they are men.
The sailor, too, while he finds true the story
Of midnight dangers witnessed at the mast,
Thinks of his own fair land in all its glory,
And home's domestic ties, amid the blast.

So, too, the warrior, tho' his brow be laurell'd
With conquest's trophies, gained in strife and war,
Sighs for that spot of earth, his home unrivall'd,
And household treasures nestled there afar.
Oh! who could toil amid a world where sadness
Is often wreathed among life's sweetest flowers—
Oh! who could listen to the voice of gladness
If home were banished, all its happiest hours!
Oh! who could bear the thought of the departed,
If heavenly joys were not with home entwined!
For there's a sunbeam to the broken-hearted,
When home's fair image dwells within the mind.

The Christian's home is ever one aspiring,—
 Far, far above this world his treasure lies ;
 Time's baubles he is not so much desiring
 As faith, that points to glories of the skies—
 His home on earth may be unfamed and lowly,
 His treasures, buried, lie beneath the sod,
 But oft his spirit is serene and holy,
 Lighted with rays reflected from his God :—
 Will he not look with bright anticipation
 To hopes beyond the earth's etherial dome,
 And publish tidings of a glad salvation,
 In thrilling accents, as he's journeying home ?

Home ! there is magic in thy name ! and beauty,
 Beauty of feeling, and affection's ties
 Binding the heart in each endearing duty,
 And re-uniting loved ones to the skies !
 Home ! we will gather round thy sacred altar,
 And reap a harvest of most fruitful hours,
 Trace childhood's page, when first the lips could falter
 In the sweet innocence of lisping powers.
 Home of our youth and sunniest enjoyment !
 Home of our later and maturer years !
 Home of our age ! when more serene employment
 Has broke the spell that was dissolv'd in tears.

Home ! where we've smiled, and wept, and lov'd together ;
 Home ! where we've parted oft and met again ;
 Home ! where we've shelter'd in life's stormiest weather,
 And shared with others much of joy or pain ;
 Home is our world, our pole star of attraction,
 To which we flee for sympathy or hope ;
 Home is the centre of our busiest action,
 And where our talents have the widest scope ;
 Home is our trust thro' every scene we travel,
 Thro' pleasure, sorrow, sickness, or decay ;
 Home is our hope when joys divine unravel
 That home in heaven that passeth not away. REBECCA.

Dear Rebecca went to spend Christmas and the opening year with our brother J—— and family, at New York. She writes :—

“24th.—Took the cars at twelve o'clock, for New York; had a comfortable journey; reached New York before four, p.m.; was met there by J—— and little J——.

“25th.—A very wet Christmas-day, but very merry household hearts; all having gifts, the offerings of the season; all went in a carriage to church; I commemorated the dying love of Christ—it was a solemn time; felt how very far short I am in acting up to my knowledge of the great blessings of religion. May I not sink into supineness or indifference. Sat down to a real Christmas dinner—enjoyed it with thankfulness; felt better in health than usual, and begin to think that no serious amount of disease exists; thought of all my dear home-friends, and wondered how they were spending the day; retired early, and had a better night than usual.

“27th.—Frost very severe; went out in the afternoon with B——; called on Mrs. Collins. A little snow fell in the night—cold very severe; found my exposure to it, when out, had given me cold; shall be obliged to be much of a prisoner during the winter.

“30th—(Sunday).—Confined to the house through

indisposition—very poorly and feverish ; got up to dinner.

“31st.—Confined to bed all day—fever high, and pain very severe. Dear J—— and his party went out for a sleigh ride—the weather very inviting.

“1st January, 1856.—Another year's advent to record with gratitude. May the opening one be more fruitful in faith and love, and greater devotedness to God—may patience be granted me amid all my interrupted health, and the decay of this mortal part be accompanied by a growth in meetness for the heavenly kingdom. This is a beautiful day, and favours the social custom of this country, which is for the gentlemen to go round calling on their lady acquaintances, wishing them 'a happy new year!'

“2nd.—Spent the day at Mr. Just's very pleasantly—stayed the night.

“3rd.—Weather very wet and mild ; remained at Mr. J.'s till the following morning ; enjoyed myself much.

“4th.—A lovely day—very slippery, having frozen in the night ; returned to my brother's.

“5th.—A snow-storm in the afternoon—snow very fine, and drifting about ; in the night a very deep

snow fell, and drifted so much as to make the walks impassable.

“6th.—The Sabbath.—All stayed in the house, except J——, owing to the snow completely barricading us; feel the effects of so much housing—it enervates my spirits, but my cough is much better for it.

“7th.—It is calculated that the snow at New York is about four feet on the level; went out with B—— in the afternoon; the city quite alive with sleighing parties, the bells attached to each sleigh sounding very pretty—the scene to me was most novel and attractive.

“9th.—Left New York for Poughkeepsie—train an hour behind time. A few hours afterwards, a most fatal and fearful accident occurred within a mile or two of this station—several lives were lost, and many severely injured. It was occasioned by a collision, something being wrong in the track, the train was stopped; when a train which started only eight minutes later ran into the first train. There is a great recklessness of life in this country—one observes it in many ways; and so little can be done to punish acts of carelessness.

“11th.—Had a delightful sleigh ride with Mr. and Mrs. D——; visited Spring Side—an English-

man's beautiful residence; went into the conservatory, and saw some very beautiful aquatic birds, etc.

"12th.—Taken ill with another attack of pleurisy, the third since I left England—much more severe than the last; kept my bed all day, and had medical treatment and opinion. Dr. H—— examined my chest, etc., and confirms Dr. C——'s opinion; my cousins very kind, and I am well cared for, for which I desire to be thankful.

"14th.—Sun warm and pleasant; got up after breakfast; feel revived, but so very weak, and a total loss of appetite—this has been the case for some weeks.

"17th.—F—— came with the horse and sleigh about eleven, a.m.; after dinner he drove me as far as Smith Upton's—the weather was mild and pleasant, and I quite enjoyed the ride. Our host and his family were most kind and hospitable, and made me feel quite at home; stayed there until after dinner the next day.

"18th.—Went on to Mary Hoag's—she and her daughter made us most welcome.

"19th.—Left Mary Hoag's after breakfast; rode twenty-six miles; the weather intensely cold and cloudy; arrived at Hudson before four; felt glad to be at my temporary home again, having been absent

nearly a month, and feeling that my health is too uncertain and feeble to enjoy, in a great degree, visiting amongst my friends, yet I would record with thankfulness the many mercies from above, and the kindness of those amongst whom my lot is cast."

In a letter to our dear mother, she writes respecting her health at this time:—

"While at Poughkeepsie, I had another attack of pleurisy, and had recourse to medical aid, and asked Dr. H—— to examine my chest, and give me his opinion, which he did, and it coincided with my doctor's here. I asked him if there was any danger of consumption? He simply said, 'Yes!' without any comment; but in his last visit he told me, that if my strength could be kept up there might be some chance for me—that is, for my life to be prolonged, and the disease not to gain ground. Now, my precious mother, do not be *over* anxious about me—commit me to His care who hath hitherto protected me; and believe, as I fully do myself, that, bye-and-bye, He will restore me to you—if not in health, still not materially worse than when I left you. Farewell! my dear mother. May Christ Jesus, our Saviour, be thy everlasting comfort and hope, and support thee under all circumstances."

"27th—(Sunday).—Stayed at home on account of weather and debility; read part of the history of

Elijah—felt how instructive it was; also the memoir of A. Backhouse, J. J. Gurney's daughter; wished I could resemble her in all her sweet Christian virtues. What a lovely death-scene!—an almost painless transition!—and she so fit to meet her Judge! Grant, Oh! Lord! an increase of grace—sanctify this earth-bound spirit, and while strength declines, make it, Oh! make it, meet to 'inherit the kingdom!' How much I have thought of late of my precious departed sister!—how I need her patience and resignation in my present weakness. Oh! may I clasp that promise, 'My grace is sufficient for thee,' and my Saviour's invitation, 'Come unto me, and I will give you rest.'

"30th.—Went with F—— fifteen miles, to W. Flagler's; weather fine, and sleighing good; spent two days there very pleasantly, and felt stronger than for some time past, though my cough was very troublesome.

"February 3rd—(Sunday).—Thermometer twenty degrees below zero; F—— drove me to church; the sermon was upon the words in Hebrews, fourth chapter, 'To-day, if ye will hear His voice, harden not your hearts.' Oh! I trust some were led to Jesus by the solemn appeal made.

"4th.—My birth-day! how I have missed my usual congratulations, but I desire to record a grateful

sense of past mercies and present goodness, which, amid so much sin, and many shortcomings, have been extended to me; may my spirit be purified for that 'happy home' to which my feet are now visibly tending, and to which, in the course of another anniversary, or sooner, or later, as God's will may direct, I may be summoned. The Lord bless all my dear ones, and make me, in some degree, a blessing to them, for Christ's sake!

"11th.—Took a short ride with F——; commenced a visit at J. Gould's, arriving there to dinner; several callers came in the evening, and enlivened the domestic circle.

"12th.—Rode out with F—— after dinner to J. Gould's former residence in the country—the wind too high and keen to be pleasant. In the evening three ladies came in, and we formed a listening party, J. Gould reading to us out of 'Modern Pilgrims,' by G. Wood; the evening was a very social and agreeable one.

"17th.—F—— drove me to the Presbyterian church. Mr. Leavitt's text was from Hosea, 'O Israel, thou hast destroyed thyself, but in me is thy help.'

"18th.—Returned to my uncle's, having spent a pleasant week at J. Gould's; my health improved, and my spirits much more encouraged about it.

"20th.—Went a pleasant ride with F——; the country very romantic, the immense number of ever-greens adding greatly to the picturesqueness of winter scenery.

"21st.—A lovely day; uncle, aunt, F—— and I, rode four miles to tea with L. Marriott; a splendid night—the moon at the full, and the landscape very beautiful by its light."

Dear Rebecca was very hopeful respecting her health, and seemed fully to believe that she should have strength spared to return to her dear English home again; and this hope, doubtless, cheered and comforted her during many a season of weakness and suffering. About this time she thus writes to our dear parents:—

"I do certainly intend to aim at a sight of Niagara, if my strength be spared till June, and trust the way will open for me to go with pleasure and comfort. May, I hope to spend in New York; and then, by July, I may be ready to be homeward bound. Pray for me, my precious parents, that I may keep a good degree of strength till then. I fully believe I shall; and though it may be God's will for my future life to be always that of an invalid, still I have much reason to be thankful for what remains to me; my appetite is much improved. I have not walked out for so long, that I cannot at all tell what my motive

powers are, but talk of astonishing the good folks by and bye."

To return to her diary :—

"4th March.—F—— drove me to J. Jenkins' in the morning ; wind in the south ; windy and snowy the after part of the day : stayed several days there, and enjoyed myself much. Two evenings were enlivened by visitors ; and one day F—— took Mary J—— and myself for a ride, through the deepest snow-drifts I have ever seen—the snow like a wall on either side, and blown in beautiful and fantastic forms : it reminded me of accounts I have read of traversing salt-mines—such deep blocks and cuttings everywhere. What an amount of sunshine it will take to melt them !

"11th.—Attended a lecture in the evening of a very interesting character, on the Arabs, by Bayard Taylor ; managed to walk to the City Hall, which was very much crowded ; enjoyed the lecture much.

"14th.—A bright sunny day, the sky intensely blue ; went with aunt, F——, and Cousin E—— to tea at Robert Macey's ; spent a pleasant evening, and rode home in the moonlight.

"16th.—(Sunday).—Walked to the Presbyterian

church and back; attended there twice, and also visited the afternoon Sabbath-school; questioned and said a few words to some girls in M. J. M——'s class; gave away some leaflets in the primary school; cordially received by the Superintendents, &c., and invited to repeat my visit; much tired afterwards, but revived in the evening.

"18th—Had a pleasant little ride in the morning; the sky was intensely blue, and the atmosphere brilliant, making a truly charming winter scene; Mr. Leavitt called in the afternoon, and had about half an hour's converse with me.

"21st, Good Friday—Received a packet of letters from England, viz., from dear S. A——, E. B——, Mrs. N——, Miss C——, and E. T——; felt thankful to be so kindly remembered, such a budget was quite a treat; attended morning service at the Episcopal Church: Mr. Watson preached a good sermon, from 'Behold the Lamb of God, who taketh away the sins of the world;' what a blessed assurance does this contain: a fountain of redemption open for all; Oh! for more faith to realize it fully!

"25th—Winter has assumed his reign again: I trust it may be but a temporary one; the trees look very beautiful with the snow pendent everywhere; do not feel quite so well, my cough wearies me, and the weather is trying. It is just six months' since I

left my dear home. Oh! how I sometimes long to be there again. I have been mercifully dealt with, yet have disappointments and trials been portioned me, above all, the failure of my health, which has prevented much enjoyment: yet has my spirit been graciously sustained through all, and I trust I can from my heart adopt the language—‘It is the Lord, let him do what seemeth Him good.

‘Good when he gives, supremely good,
Nor less when he denies;
E’en trials from His sovereign hand
Are blessings in disguise.’

To him that loveth God, will all things be made to ‘work together for good.’ Oh! that I may attain to that state wherein I may apply these blessed words.

“5th April—Did not rise till noon; sick and poorly, and more depressed than I like to feel; try to keep up my spirits, but my feeble health will sometimes cause them to sink for a time. Oh! for a more thankful heart to remember all my benefits.

To a very dear friend, she writes:—

MY DEAR S——,

April, 1856.

I intended to have written to thee, to enclose in my last packet to England, but was not well enough. How much I have thought of you since your recent and afflictive loss; what a sudden chasm

has thy precious mother's removal occasioned, but what a peaceful transition for her. Who, that knew her sweet christian virtues, and had shared the warmth of her loving heart, could doubt the meetness of her spirit for the kingdom of heaven? I do, my beloved friend, share in your feelings of irreparable loss. I do sympathize most heartily in your sorrow. You, my dear friends, have the blessed Scripture consolations; you can assuredly feel that she hath entered into rest, and you can look forward with faith and hope to the time when you will meet her in glory. The 'unspeakable gift' has been accepted by you also; and the Lord grant that your sainted one may meet her husband and children in the skies. I shall make this but a brief reminder of my affection and friendship, it does not suit me to write much, on account of my failing health; it seems to be a slow decline, and so gradual is the growth of disease that it is only by comparison that I can learn that I am not so well as I was a few months since. By and bye, I hope to travel a little, and see the beauties of this wonderfully progressive country, so favoured by nature with such magnificent rivers. In July I hope to be again in my beloved home, which the constant state of an invalid has doubly endeared to me.

“WHEN THOU PASSETH THROUGH THE WATERS,
I WILL BE WITH THEE.”

The waters of trouble, though deep they may glide,
Have the sunbeams of mercy to shine on their tide,
For the voice of the Saviour is tenderly sweet
To the soul of a mourner laid low at His feet.
When the world seems a dark one, or sin has its power
To heighten the passions in sorrow's keen hour.

Oh! lose not thy faith, tho' the stream may be strong,
Nor flee from the storms that may come stealing on,
For afflictions no doubt are in mercy designed
To soften the feelings and better mankind,
To lead us to Him who such blessings hath given,
And aid us to walk on the high road to heaven.

Oh! then, when the dark waves of sorrow may roll,
And the strength of affection be cramped in thy soul,
By acts of unkindness, by trouble, or care,
Or the sense of deep guilt, or of utter despair;
Oh! turn thou to Him who hath promised to be
A guide and a comfort to pilgrims like thee.

Nor ever distrust this unslumbering friend,
Who'll be with thee thro' sunshine and storm to the end.
This life as a state of probation must be.
But gladness and peace are in store still for thee;
And when thro' the waters thy frail bark may glide,
His love will thus bear thee thro' Jordan's deep tide.

REBECCA.

To a beloved friend she writes about this time,
being again cheered respecting her health:—

“When I wrote home last, I told them the whole
truth, for I was then so very indisposed as to have

some apprehensions that I might become too ill to bear the voyage home. I fear they will be much disturbed about me, and I am anxious now to let them know how very much better I am ; my energy, which I seemed to have entirely lost, has returned to me, and that excessive sense of weariness and languor which so distressed me, has pretty much departed. My medical attendant is now quite encouraging, and says if I get over this month and next without increased symptoms, he has no doubt but that I shall enjoy the warm climate with benefit.

. . . . I have suffered great spiritual dearth since I have been in this land. Oh ! I have felt so emptied of all good ; my outward means of grace are necessarily limited, but I know, dear E——, that our inward store can never fail : still I have found myself so listless and indifferent at times that I have trembled and doubted whether my hope is, indeed, securely founded on the rock. Pray for me that greater faith, greater love, and greater holiness may be mine. Oh ! to be completely sanctified ; to be weaned from the world ; to be made meet for the inheritance—what a comprehensive term, to be made meet. Is it possible that a vile and sinful worm can be made meet to dwell with purity itself ? Surely so, or our bright examples that are gone before would not be so dear to our memories, and the blessed scripture promises would fail us ; let us trust in them, seek their fulfilment to ourselves, and never rest until we obtain the blessing. Now, dearest

E——, adieu ! may the God of peace bless you, and our Redeemer be your sure refuge and hope."

To one of the "dear girls" of her former Bible-class, she writes, under date of April 9th :—

"I am sorry to hear your health is more delicate than formerly ; but at the same time it rejoices me to know that you have so much comfort and peace from God, that Jesus is more than ever precious to you, and that you have a good hope through grace. Oh ! dear E——, what should we be without this blessed hope ? I long for us to be purified and sanctified from the dominion of sin, to have not only a glorious foretaste of our rest, but to be made meet for the hallowed employments of heaven. My own health is in a precarious state, a slowly wasting disease, the sure harbinger of decay, is consuming my strength, and I have no ground of hope that I shall recover ; that the Lord may see fit to lengthen my days awhile on earth is possible, and, for the sake of my beloved ones at home, I desire it earnestly, and trust, if consistent with His will, to be with them in July, and be again with those so doubly dear to me now.

I am very hopeful about E. H——, and M. A. A—— ; give my kind love to them, and tell them that I trust they will be true and faithful disciples of a crucified Saviour : that they will never forget that the Christian's warfare ceases only with time, and

that it is by the constant watering of the dew of heavenly grace, that growth in religion can be attained. May you all be fellow pilgrims Zionward. Accept my love, and best wishes for your everlasting welfare; may the Almighty shield be over you for good, protecting you from all danger by night and by day. Believe me,

Your sincere and affectionate friend,

REBECCA F——."

April 10th, she writes :—

"Winter has now taken his departure, to our no small joy; with this month spring has been born, and such charming sunny days with such delightful genial breezes, it seems as though they ought to cool the fever of one's frame. There is a parade about ten minutes' walk from here, which is on high ground, and commands a fine view of the river and opposite shores, with the beautiful Catskill range in the distance. There are seats on this parade, and it is now my favourite resort of a fine morning, and it is about as far as I can manage to walk: the coming in of warmer weather has tried me considerably. I have suffered so much with fever and unquenchable thirst. I very often dream I am at home again; the other night I had just arrived there, and was walking into the green-house, and was so delighted, it was full of such beautiful flowers. My heart is so much, just now, in this sweet spring time, in my

own lovely isle; there is not a blade of green grass to be seen here anywhere, it is as brown as ever, but I suppose in about a month it will be very different; this want of emerald beauty quite detracts from the idea of spring. I am sure I shall like the alteration in the garden. Oh! how very; very often do I in memory visit it: it seems like a refreshing oasis to my mental eye."

BEAUTIFUL SPRING.

Beautiful Spring! beautiful Spring!
 Thy gladdening influence is here,
 And joyful the looks thy presence doth bring,
 And glad are the smiles thou dost wear.
 Hearts filled with joy are welcoming thee,
 Bright season of hope and of gladness;
 Before thy bright footsteps sorrow doth flee,
 And thy beauty will chase away sadness.

Beautiful Spring! beautiful Spring!
 Season so hopeful to all,
 When Winter his mantle so chilly doth fling,
 And Nature her gifts doth recal.
 Pleasant the pictures the fancy doth weave
 Of a time that thou art the forerunner,
 For the sunniest days we are willing to leave
 To the reign of the radiant Summer.

Yet I love thy sweet breeze, for it whispers of trust
 In the power of Omnipotent love;
 I see the bright flowrets fast springing from dust,
 As if called by a voice from above;
 I hear the sweet songsters of woodland and glade
 Pour forth, in their melody's glee,
 The joy-thrilling tones that their maker has made
 The dearest of music to be:

I see the young buds bursting forth from the tree,
The leaves their green beauty unfold ;
I hear the soft hum of the insect and bee,
And the lamb bleating low in the fold ;
I smell the sweet incense of hawthorn and flower,
With rapture I gaze on their bloom ;
I see the birds shelter themselves in their bower,
In the calm mellow light of the moon.

Beautiful Spring! beautiful Spring!
By the banks of the rivulet clear
The pale yellow blossoms their loveliness fling,
And violets perfume the air ;
The orchards a picture present to the eye,
While the ground is with fair petals strewn ;
The fresh'ning dew descends from the sky,
As a gentle one granting a boon :

And I learn with emotions of grateful delight
To gather sweet hope from thy prime,
For thou art a "new comer" most dear to the sight,
When departed the cold winter time.
Thy sunshine is bright, and thy breezes are mild,
And nature is robed in thy smile ;
The soft tones of childhood are happily wild,
While thy presence, time seems to beguile.

Beautiful Spring! beautiful Spring!
We shall soon say a *present* farewell
To thy fresh flow'ry meads and the verdure they bring,
For summer a change will soon tell,
Yet we love thy successor, 'tis richest in gifts
That tell of the glory of Him
Who in goodness the curtain of beauty uplifts,
When clouds might its brilliancy dim.

And Autumn is welcome and beautiful, too,
 Tho' with greater variety crowned,
 For then, the rich harvest of plenty we view,
 And with splendour the woodlands are crowned,
 With splendour in tinting on each tree and bough,
 And the light of the full harvest moon!
 Yet, Autumn! thy fading hours make me avow
 We lose thee a guest but too soon.

Beautiful Spring! beautiful Spring!
 I love thee the best of them all,
 Because thou peep'st forth, like a gleesome young thing,
 And thy loveliness never can pall:
 May our spring-time of life be with innocence blest,
 And with grateful acknowledgments given,
 And may each change of lot be received with the rest,
 As a blessing that cometh from heaven.

REBECCA.

The following is one of the last she wrote. A missionary at Demerara having bought a piece of land, through the generous contributions of the natives, made a large tree the sanctuary for worship until means could be obtained for building a chapel. This circumstance, related at a missionary meeting, suggested the following lines:—

Beneath a widely spreading tree,
 On Essequibo's shore,
 Hundreds are taught to bow the knee
 "To Him, whom saints adore."

No temple rears its lofty spire,
 No sound of Sabbath bell;
 Simple the music of that choir,
 Though praise their voices swell.

Praises that He, who dwells above,
Has made their souls His care,
And sent them, in a Father's love,
An answer to their prayer—

A messenger of heavenly things,
A missionary kind,
That they may know the King of kings,
And gospel gladness find ;

Hear of a Saviour who has bought
Their souls with precious blood ;
Hear of a doctrine that has taught
Sweet fellowship with God.

Oh ! hallowed spot ! that spreading tree,
The cloudless sky above ;
Around, the prairies wild and free,
An atmosphere of love ;

Beyond, the blue Atlantic wave,
Sparkling with billowy foam,
Which oft hath been the seaman's grave,
Now joyous in its tone ;

And near, each tenement secure
From war's unholy strife,
For *their's* a victory more pure,
A warfare unto life !

A life of grace divinely born,
A passport e'en from death ;
The victor, "Jesus in the storm,"
The crown, a fadeless wreath.

Meet sanctuary *this*, my God,
For such as worship Thee !
And consecrated be the sod
Where sinners bow the knee.

Be Thou the missionary's guide
Thro' danger and thro' thrall ;
Thy "kingdom come," till nations wide
Shall own Thee "all in all."

REBECCA.

"April 7th.—Another lovely spring day. Walked to the parade; enjoyed sitting there awhile, with such a glorious panorama before me. F—— joined me there, seeking health in the breeze.

"9th.—Walked on the parade; much air, and such a delicious freshness in it. The floating ice on the river is now fast disappearing; thermometer at seventy degrees at noon.

"10th.—The river fully opened; the first steamer came and went back to New York; wind very high indeed, during the night and all this day; too much so to venture out, and the weather much colder again.

"11th.—Morning cloudy; thermometer at twenty-eight degrees; sunny in the afternoon; went up to Forshewe's and had my likeness taken; E—— accompanied me; exceedingly fatigued afterwards.

"18th.—The Sabbath.—Heard Mr. Leavitt in the morning on 2 Thes. ii. 8; the sun bright, and the sky intensely blue, but the wind most piercingly cold; ice in many places.

"17th.—Very fine in the morning; went up to have more likenesses taken; very much fatigued.

"19th.—Morning beautiful; had the remainder of my likenesses taken; all went to tea at J. Gould's; too feverish to do anything.

"20th.—A thorough wet day; snow and sleet; the houses again whitened; thermometer at thirty-two degrees; prevented attending church by the weather.

"26th.—A charming day; the air very fresh; rode out to S. Marriott's with F——; enjoyed the drive.

"27th.—The Sabbath.—Feel low and empty of all good; went to church in the morning; heard a stranger, from Isaiah lii. 1, 'Awake, put on thy strength, Oh, Zion!' an address to the church; Dr. Cook called.

"28th.—A fine day; busy packing, and so extremely tired; took passage on board the night boat, leaving at six p.m. for New York; the air warm and misty, thermometer at eighty-two degrees; sat on deck about three quarters of an hour, the air reviving me; met with kind attention from two ladies, and had a snug little bed-room, but did not get any sleep till towards morning; rose at five o'clock; the morning fresh and bright; Joseph met me soon after six, and took me to his house in a coach; found all well and glad to see me.

"May 1st.—A chilly cloudy day, with rain in the afternoon; feel more poorly than usual.

"4th.—The Sabbath.—A beautiful day, but the air very keen; did not get out to church; walked out in the sun a little with J——; read out of *Richmond's Annals*.

"5th.—Went out for a ride with Mrs. Just; enjoyed the country scenery and a beautiful view of the noble Hudson river; a very cold wind.

"11th.—The Sabbath.—A lovely day, but the wind still cold; suffering much with bronchitis; attended a church in Fifth Avenue; a remarkable fine building, both inside and out; heard a good preacher, from the words, 'The righteous into life eternal.'

"12th.—A charming day; weather really genial; my health, except my throat, very much improving; I feel more like myself than I have done for a long time, and more hopeful, for which mercies I desire to be thankful."

In the beginning of May, she writes to a dear friend:—

MY BELOVED E—— *New York, May 2, 1856.*

When I reach my dear home, I shall long to have my friends around me, for my days will be numbered

now. I expect to leave early in July by steamer from Boston to Liverpool. Sometimes I think it may be sooner—that is, should my weakness increase, and should I not be well enough to travel. Only think, dear, in about nine weeks I may perhaps be on the wide waters. The Lord grant me strength to reach my home in safety and unincreased debility. You, I know, will pray for me. He has been very merciful to me, preserving me from all evil. I am rejoiced Hanover chapel Sunday school prospers so well. *Our* class is scattered far and wide; yet I do trust there are some of those dear girls who have fled to Jesus, and are seeking ‘first the kingdom.’ Oh! how poor and contemptible is every earthly joy in comparison with a living fellowship with Christ! I long for more spiritual life, a ‘closer walk;’ and, dear E——, I seem as though I could not realise the fact, that possibly only a few more months, or another year or so, may be given me in this world. Sometimes I think I am going to recover soon; then, at other times, symptoms of decay mock this bright hope, and lately I have cherished it less: still the Lord only knows how long, and what is best. May we yield our hearts to His will! I must now affectionately bid you farewell. May God guide and direct you. Accept my fond love and best wishes, and believe me

Very sincerely your friend,

REBECCA F——.

"13th.—Had a poor night from violent pain in my side and shoulder blades ; rose early, however, hoping to go with J—— over the *Persia* [the vessel she anticipated returning home in], but obliged to give it up ; better after dinner, and S. C—— wishing to go so much, accompanied her across the ferry to Jersey city ; found the vessel had been out in the river two hours, and we were much disappointed at our misfortune, and, having to walk some distance, I was exceedingly fatigued.

"14th.—Kept my bed most of the day, suffering from pain and exhaustion.

"15th.—Weather fine, but chilly ; my side still very painful ; took a little walk with the children.

"16th.—Very poorly, indeed ; I called in medical aid ; kept my bed all day.

"17th.—Much better ; rose soon after breakfast ; Dr. W—— called ; he is encouraging as to my obtaining permanent relief, and thinks the warm weather will do much for me ; received a letter from dear Sarah Ann, with good accounts of the dear ones at home.

"18th.—The Sabbath.—Walked to church in the morning ; the subject of exhortation was from the text, 'Be ye clothed with humility ;' a really warm

day, quite reviving, but feel exceedingly dull, and often think of the delightful Sabbaths I have enjoyed formerly ; may some such be again granted me ; Oh ! to be supplied with heavenly grace ! how small is my delight in best things ; and yet I do hope there is a spiritual life which may, through divine mercy, be quickened into greater activity, and produce a growing meetness for the heavenly kingdom."

"SPES MEA IN DEO."*

"*Spes mea in Deo !*" the Christian can say,
 Amid changes that chequer his lot ;
 For hope to his bosom full oft doth convey
 A blessing that withereth not.
 What philosophy equals, in happiest hour,
 The solace this motto can yield,
 When its influence is felt, as the dew on the flower,
 In futurity's chalice concealed ?

"*Spes mea in Deo !*" whatever may be
 Allotted by infinite love,
 In prosperity's gale, or adversity's sea,
 In sunshine, or storm from above ;
 In the season of sorrow, of doubt, or of joy,
 Let this trust, then, desert us, Oh, never !
 And may praise be our anthem, our highest employ,
 For "*Spes mea in Deo*" for ever !

REBECCA.

" May 23rd.—Left New York for Hudson by day boat ; Joseph and little J—— accompanied me to it ; a brilliant morning ; enjoyed the first part of the voyage, but, as the day advanced, it was so intensely

* God is my hope.

hot (the thermometer being at ninety-six degrees) that it became excessively fatiguing, and the atmosphere was so hazy with heat that the landscape was much obscured; it was a treat to my eye to see the beautiful panorama of living green on either side of the wide glassy waters, in the first freshness of the morning. The boat reached Hudson about half-past two p.m. F—— met me at the landing, and drove me to my uncle's; felt to require rest, but it was too sultry to take it, and in the evening we had a heavy thunder storm.

"24th. — Thermometer at forty-eight degrees; thought of the dear ones in England, surrounding the hospitable board (the yearly meeting company,) while I was confined to my bed with high fever, so exceedingly ill, but rallied through divine mercy; dear E—— exceedingly kind and attentive to me; one day M. Jenkins brought me some beautiful wild flowers, a pale elegant pink columbine being the most beautiful."

"June 1st.—Weather setting into a delightful temperature; feel better.

"2nd.—Received a visit from S. Macy; able to sit up more.

"3rd.—Able to go down into the parlour; appetite improving.

"4th.—Received most kind letters from dear mother, Sarah Ann, and Aunt M——; how gratifying they were!—much better to-day; my spirits too great for my strength; the thermometer at eighty-two degrees; thunder showers cooling the air in the evening; in the night the most beautiful lightning I ever remember to have witnessed; had a spasmodic seizure of pain in my left lung.

"7th.—Very much better to-day; felt sweet peace and joy, and affectionate anticipations of reaching *home*—dear, dear home!—Oh! how I long to be there, clasped in the fond embraces of beloved parents and a fondly affectionate sister! May the Lord keep me peacefully trusting in His merciful and superintending providence. What a privilege to be a Christian! Truly it imparts a 'joy and peace in believing.' What beautiful promises do the Gospels and Epistles contain! Bless the Lord, Oh, my soul! and all that is within me bless His holy name! 'I will lay me down in peace and sleep, for Thou, Lord, alone makest me dwell in safety.'"

- Thus, under date of 6th Month, 7th, just two weeks prior to her decease, does dear Rebecca make her last entry in her diary. The following day she was taken decidedly worse, and her fever increased so much as to cause her frequently to be very delirious. Indeed she was seldom much herself after this time, for when the fever abated

her exhaustion was very great; but the expressions that escaped, from time to time, during her mind's wanderings sweetly proved where her thoughts were most frequently centered. On one occasion she exclaimed, "I am in England, in my own home, my host of friends, numerous acquaintances, numerous relatives, all so loving and affectionate." And, at another time: "Oh! what a glorious God! Father, Brother, Husband, Friend!" And, again: "Now must the Christian study the doctrine of the cross, and crucify their lusts, their sensibilities, their affections; study to be clothed with humility." And, at another time: "What a happy prospect!—the glorious Trinity!—we, who are among the saints and angels, the pure in heart, are to be ordained to eternal life, for ever and ever! eternal joys! pleasures that never end!" Four days before the mortal put on immortality, dear Rebecca was seized with a strong convulsive fit, that lasted nearly an hour and a half; and from this time she gradually sank away, and gently fell "asleep in Jesus," on the morning of the 22nd of 6th Month, 1856, in the thirty-sixth year of her age, leaving the sweet assurance in the minds of the sorrowing circle that all is well; that, through the redeeming love and mercy of God in Christ Jesus her Saviour, in whom alone was her hope of salvation, she hath entered into rest, and, having done with all sorrow and suffering, is uniting in the holy song of the ransomed ones in that home above, where "They shall hunger

no more, neither thirst any more: for the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of water: and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."

I close this little Memorial with a few lines, written by a beloved sister, who hath long since entered into rest:—

ON THE DEATH OF A YOUNG CHRISTIAN.

Happy spirit! thou hast landed
Safe on Zion's blissful shore;
Thy frail bark shall not be stranded,
Tempest tossed shall be no more;
Thou thy anchor sure hast cast
Where all storms for ever cease,
Round thee howls no chilling blast,
Moored within the port of peace:

All thy troubles here are ended,
All thy pains for ever o'er;
Upwards has thy soul ascended,
Where no ill can reach thee more.
Who but gladly would dis sever
Every tie that binds them here,
There to dwell with Christ for ever,
In that bright, that glorious sphere!

He hath purchased thy redemption
With his own most precious blood,
Thou thro' Him has full exemption
E'en from sin's o'erwhelming flood;
From its power for ever free,
A pure and spotless robe is given
Ransomed sinner unto thee,
To fit thee for thy home in heaven.

That city needeth not the light
Of our bright orb of day,
Nor yet the lesser stars of night,
Or moon with milder ray :
The glory of her God is there,
The Lamb her light shall be,
An everlasting day she'll wear,
No night shall ever see.

Her blest inhabitants unite
With one accord to sing,
Salvation to the Lamb, their light !
Glory to God, their King !
Seraphs and angels join the song
With which her walls resound,
And echoes loud the strains prolong
To Heaven's remotest bound.

ELIZA.

A Brief Memorial of an Elder Sister.

"BLESSED ARE THE DEAD THAT DIE IN THE LORD."

A BRIEF MEMORIAL.

IN the hope that a few remembrances, showing the Christian experience of one whose chief desire was to be made meet for an inheritance among them that are sanctified, may stimulate some she loved on earth, with the writer of this brief Memoir, to a closer acquaintance with the pure and saving truths of the Gospel, I am induced to note down, for our encouragement, fragments which testify in no small degree the source from whence the subject of this little sketch derived strength and consolation, not only in health, but in the tedious hours of pain and langour, when the world, its friendships, its pleasures, and its many temptations, were receding from her view, and her heart was steadily fixed on the realities of the eternal one, so soon to open upon her, while she was confidently and hopefully awaiting the joyful summons, which would give a glorious exchange from the weary hours of pain and suffering, to the bliss that awaits the ransomed and purified spirit.

My beloved sister was characterised by such

retiring worth, that little was known of her beyond her immediate circle of friends and relatives. These have cause to mourn the loss of one cherished as an affectionate friend and judicious counsellor; and the sympathy with which she entered into their trials and difficulties will long be gratefully and fondly remembered; and her tender and sisterly admonitions to myself, in times of doubt and perplexity, have left in my heart a fragrance of lasting benefit, as the perfume of the rose when long withered: in this particular I can say, "The dead still speaketh;" while her early removal, so soon after entering upon new scenes and duties, with perhaps a portion of the warm hopes of future promise, cannot fail to remind us of the uncertainty of all temporal things, and of the necessity of an early preparation for the joys of eternity. My dear sister was led to sit as at the feet of Jesus; renouncing all human aid for salvation. She had the full belief that He will never cast out *any* that come unto Him, who "seek first the kingdom;" so was she strengthened to lay her idols in the dust, and "press toward the prize of her high calling;" and when the summons came, "Steward, give up thy stewardship," death was, spiritually speaking, "robbed of sting, and the grave of victory!"

Some time previous to dear Eliza's marriage, her health became very delicate, and two attacks of influenza laid the seeds of that malady which ultimately terminated her life, and whose insidious

inroads are often developed in deceitful changes, from the bloom of youth to the gradual decay of strength; for

"Youth and the opening rose
May look like things too glorious for decay,
And smile at Death; but he is not of those
Who wait the ripened bloom to snatch their prey."

For some years previous to this, my dear sister's mind was visited again and again with renewed convictions of her condition as a sinner, and many were the conflicts which she endured from the unsettled nature of her religious feelings, and the deep consciousness of her unworthiness. A dear brother, who believed himself called upon to change his views, and separate himself from our "Society," was partly the means of leading her more searchingly to examine the grounds of her belief, and she became decidedly convinced in her own mind that the principles adopted by "Friends" accorded with the truths of the Gospel; and, seeking strength from a source that will never fail the humble and dependent child of grace, she was enabled to become a disciple of the meek and lowly Jesus, and at times her light shone clearly, and her faith became strong in the many and beautiful promises of Scripture. A few extracts from some of her letters will best show the state of her mind on religious subjects. The following is a portion of a letter addressed to myself in the early part of the year 1840. Speaking of the

death of a young friend, who died of consumption not long after her marriage, she says:—

“This is another of the many instances of the uncertain duration of all earthly joys. Happy for them whose hopes are fixed far, far beyond this transitory scene! Sickness may wither, misfortune may blight, and death *will* destroy our prospects here; but, cheering thought! *nothing* can separate us from the love of God in Christ Jesus our Lord! I long to know thy heart fixed upon the Rock of Ages—entirely given up to Him. On the return of another birthday, I have many temporal things to be thankful for; but, above all those, my heart ought to overflow with gratitude to my heavenly Father, in that He hath enlightened my spiritual understanding, and given me to see and understand, and in a measure to partake of, the rich blessing purchased by a Saviour’s blood. Oh! how inferior to this are the choicest blessings earth has to bestow! I cannot but desire for all my beloved friends that they may be participants in those joys which are now my chief delight. I have sometimes feared, when writing upon these subjects, whether I am not in danger of saying more than I feel, or rather of appearing what I am not; but I have taken encouragement from something expressed in a letter from —, a few days ago, who reminded me of the apostolic injunction to communicate with each other. I have for years felt—and I do not doubt thou feels the same—an ardent desire

to be a Christian. But, *thinking it depended on myself*, I did not know how to begin : but this is an error into which many fall. 'By grace are ye saved, through faith, and that not of yourselves, it is the gift of God.' Now, my dear sister, we must come unto Christ as a little child, believing we cannot take a straight step without Him. 'We must cast all our care upon Him.' We have His own sure promises, not one of which will ever fail :—'Come unto Me all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.' 'He that cometh unto Me I will in no wise cast out.' 'Ask and ye shall receive.' I might multiply passages, but these will suffice, though to make them effectual we must have faith : we must *believe* that we shall receive before we ask. There can be no spiritual growth without prayer. It is true we do not always feel alike fit to offer up our petitions at the footstool of mercy ; but when we feel as though we cannot pray, we must ask to be made fit for this high and solemn duty—the Christian's privilege, ever remembering that Christ is the only way of access. Contemplate, my dear sister, the plan of redemption : it is a glorious one, worthy of its Author ! I much admire a beautiful hymn of Cowper's, near the beginning, entitled, 'Praise for the fountain opened.' There are many sweet hymns in that little volume. We expect daily to hear of the decease of C. C—— ; he is considered in the last stage of consumption. How awful to be on the brink of eternity, without a hope beyond the

grave! How great the value of an immortal soul! But how little thought of by the children of this world! Accept our united dear love, with the best wishes of the writer, who will never cease, while she has a heart to beat, to desire thy advancement in the way everlasting, and who remains, as ever,

“Thy affectionate Sister,

“ELIZA.”

MY BELOVED SISTER,

Feeling drawn towards thee this evening in much sisterly affection, I seem as though I could not forbear the expression of my feelings at this time, and tell thee a little how I have been passing my time of late. I attended the quarterly meeting on 3rd day, and a very favoured meeting it was. Dear J. J. G—— spoke at great length, and was truly excellent. How pleasant it was to hear and see him amongst us again! He looks more venerable than when he was last with us, for his locks are becoming silvery grey. Our youths' meeting was, if I may use the expression, a *beautiful* one. Oh! how much did I long, both this evening and yesterday, that many of my dearest absent friends had been with me, but particularly thou, my very dear sister, and our beloved brother. Alas! how soon do these feelings subside when we mingle again with the busy world! In conclusion, my dear sister, I commend thee to the care of our heavenly Father, may He be thy friend, thy guide, thy comforter;

and, finally, through the ransom that He has provided, the only way of access to Him, bring thee nearer, each succeeding year, to His kingdom, and finally grant thee an inheritance therein. Believe me, with dear love,

Thy ever affectionate Sister,

ELIZA.

TO A FRIEND.

MY MUCH LOVED FRIEND, 1st *Month*, 1841.

. There are, indeed, many blessed assurances in Scripture, and I have derived much consolation of late from reading the sacred volume; and the more I see into my own heart, the more I am convinced of its entire depravity. How much is lurking there that to the outward eye may appear amiable! but there is One who seeth not as man seeth. He knows each secret thought: before Him all are unveiled. Oh! awful thought! Can we not each exclaim with Job, "A Saviour or I die! a Redeemer or I perish for ever!" My dear —, I fear lest what I am writing should appear like hypocrisy, so little has, and still does, my conduct evince that I have chosen the Lord for my portion. My heart is full of pride, selfishness, and idolatry; but that this may be our mutual experience is my fervent prayer. We have just entered upon another year, and neither of us know but it may be our last. Oh! that when the awful summons shall arrive, we

may not be "weighed in the balance and found wanting!" My dear —, it matters little to what station of the visible church we belong, if we are but grounded on the Rock of Ages, Christ Jesus, through whose atoning blood, *and that alone*, we may hope for acceptance. Oh! that *we* may experience an increase of faith! The Christian's is a narrow path. We must give up a great deal. We must bear the cross if we expect to gain the crown. I am glad to hear thou feels more comfortable in thy mind, and that thy doubts are removed on the subject of predestination. For thy consolation, I will just quote a paragraph of —'s work on this head:—"Between the Scripture doctrine of election according to the foreknowledge of God, and the Scripture doctrine of universal grace, there may seem, to our weak apprehensions, a want of agreement; but can we *dare* to doubt that, in point of fact, they are perfectly reconcilable, and form two distinct parts of one harmonious system of truth? Let us apply them in all humility to their respective practical purposes; and, for further light on the subject, let us quietly wait for the day when 'we shall know as we are known.'" I think this is a satisfactory elucidation: is it not?

TO —.

MY VERY DEAR FRIEND, 2nd Month, 1841.

It is with feelings of no common pleasure that I

once more take up my pen to address thee, to tender the renewed assurances of how very dearly I love thee ; and my heart is deeply impressed with the unspeakable privileges of Christian friendship ; for, however varied are our outward friends or occupations, one God, one Saviour, one hope is ours ! And how do I rejoice in the belief that thou art seeking the “one thing needful,”—the pearl of great price ! May we never cease to seek till we obtain ! To describe what have been my feelings during the last two or three months, would be impossible. The ways of the Almighty are past finding out. He has, I believe, visited me with “the day-spring from on high ;” and, for His boundless love and unmerited mercy, I feel that I can never sufficiently adore Him. I have at times, I trust, been permitted to taste how inexpressibly sweet is the peace of the believer. But, whilst rejoicing in this, I desire to be deeply humbled, under a sense of my manifold transgressions, sins of omission and commission, direct and indirect. Oh ! the many years I have squandered away, now never to be recalled !—the neglect of making a right use of the influence I possess. This I sometimes feel as a heavy load, fearing I have been as a stumbling block in the way of some of my dearest friends. Daily, and almost hourly is this injunction sounded in my ears, “Keep thyself from idols.” If ever mortal needed this, *I do*. My affections are very warm, and the genial glow of sympathy soon kindled within me ;

and, although the Almighty does not command us to love Him *only*, we must love Him *supremely*; and, however amiable we may be thought by our fellow-creatures,—and, perhaps, the more esteemed for the warmth of our friendship,—the words of the poet are, nevertheless, true :—

“Whatever passes as a cloud between
The mental eye of faith and things unseen,
Causing that better world to disappear,
Appear less lovely, and the present dear ;
That is our world, our idol, though it bear
Affection's impress, or devotion's air.”

I have derived much comfort and instruction of late from appropriating a portion of each day to reading the sacred volume. I think it highly desirable to do this alone. Oh ! I do long that we may be among the wise virgins,

“Who, when they hear the Bridegroom's voice,
With souls exulting will rejoice,
And sing redeeming love.”

Continue faithful : it will sooner or later be our endless song.

Alluding to some books she had been reading, she says :—

“The experience of these devoted Christians who have so far outrun us in the heavenly race is very encouraging to the traveller Zionward, although it

makes us see our deficiency, and how far we are from attaining to their spiritual growth. Oh! for a more abundant supply of that heavenly grace, humility, to be weaned from a spirit of self-righteousness! Assuredly we have nothing that we did not receive; and how I do desire to love more those who appear 'dead in trespasses and sins!' I find it is not easy, although I can from the bottom of my heart salute every true Christian. Redeeming love is an inexhaustible theme. The shipwreck thou mentioned is, indeed, melancholy: so many immortal souls launched into an endless eternity at so short a warning! and I am reminded of the text, 'Be ye also ready, for in such an hour as ye think not, the Son of Man cometh.' I will conclude with a stanza from my piece to my sister:—

Mayest thou in wisdom's paths be led,
 Thy soul with heavenly manna fed,
 Thy trust in God alone:
 Then will that peace, surpassing sense,
 Be thy abiding recompense;
 Thy Saviour thee will own.

This is the prayer of thy ever attached

"ELIZA."

MY VERY DEAR FRIEND, 1st Month, 26, 1842.

I have long denied myself the pleasure of thus holding converse with thee. But I can assure my dear —— I have not been unmindful of her during this long silence; but, since last we parted, she has

been very often the companion of my thoughts. I think I told thee I was going to read the Life and Writings of John Newton. It is a delightful work—a real feast of good things. I know how much thou would be pleased with it, as well as comforted, encouraged and instructed. Newton displays, in his extensive correspondence, an enlarged view of the deceitfulness and wickedness of the heart of man, as well as a very extensive acquaintance with the great work of redemption and way of salvation unfolded in the Gospel. He appears to be one of those who always had a word in season to administer, either by way of comfort, instruction, or reproof. His writings appear to come so fully from the heart, that I think they may be considered a good test. He was a Calvinist, inasmuch as he believed he had nothing good in himself until the free grace of God placed it there; and well, indeed, might he think so, for he was, as he considered himself, a monument of mercy, being raised from the depth of misery and guilt to proclaim for many years, with much success, the glad tidings of the religion of Jesus. His writings breathe a spirit of charity. His aim was not to make people think as he did, but to desire that they might be real Christians. I am afraid I have been tedious, and will now query how you are getting on, and, above all, how does thy soul prosper? I feel for thee very much, very often, my dear friend, when I think of the difficulties thou hast to contend with; but, then, I think when the outward man is weakest,

the better part is generally stronger. So I feel encouraged on thy account, knowing that my dear —— has a friend always at hand, by whom the very “hairs of her head are all numbered,” and who will never suffer her to want *one thing* that is really needful or best for her. Encouraging thought! But, though I know it, and believe it, and can write of it, and tell it to others, it often fails to produce the effect of faith in myself. Such poor mortals we are! What should we do if left to ourselves? Although I have known the benefit of affliction, yet I almost dread the time when outward troubles shall arise. I feel as though something of the kind is needed to keep me at Jesus’ feet. But I know that my covenant God will not spare the rod when He sees I need it; and, though I might wish to avert the blow, He will not spare one needful stroke.

Alluding to her future prospects, she writes:—

When I think of what I have engaged to be, to enter upon a path I have never trod, to contend with troubles to which I am now a stranger, then I feel my weakness; but the promise the most encouraging is, “As thy day, thy strength shall be.” How I pity those who have nothing beyond their own poor endeavours to look to! But grace alone hath made us to differ; and grace alone will enable us to stand. I hold —— as a precious treasure; and as such I shall ever have to hold him. It will be well for me,

lest I should rest in the gift and forget the Giver. I have a bad cough, but do not complain. I must now say adieu, my dear friend, and believe me, as ever,

Thy faithfully attached

ELIZA F——.

TO HER SISTER.

MY MUCH LOVED SISTER

Is, I doubt not, expecting from me on the present occasion some written token of a sister's fond remembrance; and I assure her it is with feelings of peculiar pleasure, indescribable interest, and mingled emotions, that I have taken the pen to address her. The warm effusions of a sister's heart do but imperfectly express how very dear she has been to me of late. Thy last letter has introduced me into near and deep sympathy with thee; but help is laid on One that is mighty. Apply to him daily—yes, more often than the day, for a renewal of strength. He will listen to the simplest prayer offered in faith in the name of Jesus. How sweet is the assurance of having such an Advocate, who knows our every temptation; and if thou sometimes hast reason to feel that thy labour for the promotion of their highest good is in vain, remember that though "Paul may plant and Apollos water, it is God alone who can give the increase." He who knows all thy besetments can supply them according to thy need. My precious

sister, thou art very dear to me. Suffer me to ask thee if thou art seeking "the one thing needful," the pearl of great price, above every other enjoyment? Oh! it is worth seeking! I earnestly desire to be preserved from expressing more than I really feel. I am now reading a memoir of M. A. G——. Of her it may be said that she adorned the doctrine of God her Saviour. The extracts from her diary are very beautiful. Oh! that we might imitate her bright example! I beseech thee often to sit at the feet of Jesus. I can never sufficiently adore and praise the Almighty for His boundless mercy and unmerited goodness in His dealings with one so utterly unworthy. He has convinced me of my need of salvation, and permitted me to taste of the peace of the believer: I sometimes feel so happy! Sweet is the name of Jesus! The beauties of the Holy Scriptures have been wonderfully unfolded to my view; but, Oh! I have great cause for watchfulness: daily, almost hourly, is the injunction sounded in my ears, "Keep thyself from idols." Mine are, indeed, many; but I trust they are cast down. I do, indeed, desire that God may reign in my heart supreme, for his right it is. My Saviour is inexpressibly dear to me—

"His precious blood for us was shed,
His wounds for us on Calvary bled."

Shall we not accept the redemption so freely offered?

How great the sacrifice! I love to contemplate
redeeming love—

“For I have found a friend on high,
All other friends above :
Yes, Jesus is for ever nigh
The children of His love :
He will be Husband, Brother, Friend,
His love alone will never end.”

Do write to me as soon as thou canst, and believe
me, beloved girl, to remain, with best wishes for thy
every good,

Thy ever attached Sister,
ELIZA.

TO ———.

. As “no man can redeem his brother,”
and it is little we can do for any of our fellow-crea-
tures towards turning their steps Zionward, it is,
perhaps, in many instances, as well that we should
be left in ignorance of the state of mind of those we
love, but know not how to assist otherwise than by
our prayers, which is a resource we can all avail
ourselves of, nor can we do it too often. I trust that
my dear brother and sister are now nearing the
American shore. It was a great trial to me to part
with my brother; he was near and dear to me, and
for some time previous to his departure I could
seldom think of it when alone without shedding
tears, for I never expect to see him again in this

life. Nothing would have induced me to leave my dear husband thus long, but that it seemed quite essential to my declining health. The improvement I have experienced since I came here surprises me. My strength is greatly increased; and I feel now to possess those energies which want of health destroys. But, though I feel much encouraged by those signs of convalescence, I am far from being too sanguine on the subject. By nature, prone to look on the dark side of everything, I am not blind to the cause there is for fearing that the seeds of a fatal disease are already rooted in my constitution; and I have shed in secret many tears, in reflecting how possible it is that ere very long I may be called to leave him who is dearest to me on earth to finish his journey alone. I have talked to him of the probability that I might ere long be taken from him. I have not once missed going out twice a day, and can take tolerably long walks without much fatigue. Several times I have been by myself, toiling up the hills, till, panting and puffing, I had to stop for breath; but I reconcile it all with the reflection that I am in search of health, and obeying the wishes of my husband, by taking as much exercise in country air as I can; and, oh! it is such a pleasure to please him! When I have thought of it, it has led me to consider whether my conduct proves me as desirous of pleasing and obeying the will of my heavenly Father; and that I must answer *No*, does not cause me half the sorrow that it ought. With

much love, believe me, dear —, most affectionately
thy friend,

Wycombe, 8th Month, 1843.

ELIZA T—.

The foregoing extracts were written the year after her marriage, which took place in the autumn of 1842. The day on which she was solemnly united to the friend of her choice will be long remembered by those who were of the party on the occasion. Her sweetness of spirit was remarkably apparent, and her calm, cheerful countenance was an index of the peace within; and she expressed her belief that the covenant she had that day entered upon had received His blessing who alone can give lasting and true happiness; and often has she afterwards reverted to the comfort and satisfaction she derived in her newly tried sphere, which her delicate health led her at times to think might not be of long continuance, as soon after this event her cough, which seemed for a while to have taken flight, returned, with added symptoms of declining strength, but the fluctuating nature of the complaint still left a hope of her recovery in the minds of those who watched her with anxious love, till the disease assumed an aspect that could not be mistaken :—

“And thus how oft consumption seems to reign
O’er objects that we nurse with fondest hope;
She plays upon the brow of gentle youth,
Makes them so helpless, till we learn to love
That very helplessness; then to their Maker yields
The precious gift!”

In the eighth month following her marriage, she was induced to try a change of air for a few weeks ; and her increased strength encouraged a pleasing hope that the cherished flower might yet be renewed on earth, although the dear invalid herself built very little upon her recovery, knowing the uncertain nature of her complaint. The following is an extract from a letter written soon after her return from W——, when once more settled in at home. It was written at many sittings, owing to extreme weakness:

11th Month, 1843.

Since I last wrote to thee, my dear friend, my health has been gradually declining—sometimes better, sometimes worse ; and each renewed attack of increased indisposition has appeared to leave me weaker than the last. My cough is at times very trying, more towards evening and in the night. I rise about ten of a morning, and retire about the same time in the evening. When a mild sunny day, I walk a little, accompanied by my beloved partner. Thus much of my ailments. It now becomes me to speak of the many temporal blessings which attend me, none of which I prize higher than that of having so many kind and dear friends. My dear sister Sarah Ann is now staying with me, and dear Rebecca I often see, besides having so many other kind friends, and my dear mother, whose company is very precious to me ; but amongst all these I have not forgotten, although I speak last of my own precious

husband, who often reads to me, and attends to many little wants. . . . Whether we ever meet again in time is indeed very uncertain ; but I trust we shall meet for a happy and glorious eternity. Believe me, my dear friend, to remain as ever, with unabated affection,

Thy attached Friend,

ELIZA TAYLOR.

The following is, I believe, the last letter she ever wrote :—

MY BELOVED SISTER, *2nd Month, 1844.*

Under a feeling of much bodily weakness, I commence a letter to thee, being propped up in bed for the purpose of writing it, on the approaching anniversary of thy birth. Accept, my dear Rebecca, the best wishes of an affectionate sister. A birthday appears to me a time for much self-examination, and calls for heart-felt gratitude to our Almighty preserver for the care he has extended over us. I have been very ill since thou left us—though now better again ; but I *then* thought my time would not be long, but possibly many more weary days and nights may be appointed me. I say weary, for so they are, although they abound with mercies of which I am undeserving. . . . Thou wishes, my dear sister, to know the state of my feelings as regards the prospect before me. It has long been my belief that this illness would be unto death ;

and I have, through the mercy of my God, been strengthened so fully to resign everything here, even my beloved partner, that were I told, "Thou shalt live and not die," it would be a real trial; though I desire, and believe I can from my heart say, "Thy will be done." The prospect of death is very pleasant to me. My Saviour, who has effected everything for me, on whom all my hopes depend, is near me, and I believe He will be with me to the end. Oh! what a Saviour He is! Blest indeed are those who know Him. Keep close to Him, my dear sister; cast every burden on Him. Oh! that all I love might be gathered to His fold! I know not how long I may live. Enough for me to know that I am in the hands of my heavenly Father, and that, in His own time, I have an unshaken belief that, through His great mercy in Christ Jesus, I shall become an inhabitant of that city where none can say, "I am sick." I know well, my dear sister, it will be a great trial to you to lose me, and I have felt much for you; but consider, dear, how small will be your loss compared with that of my precious husband; but I believe he will be strengthened beyond what, from the extent of his loss and the depth of his affection, many might expect. I have, I think, done all I can to assist him, by frequently conversing on the bright prospects that await me; we have had some sweet seasons together. I think this will be the last letter I shall write to any one. Thank my dear — for her last very acceptable

note. I feel grateful for all their kindness to me and mine. My very dear love also to —; though I cannot write to tell her so, I often think of and sympathize with her, knowing something of the trials and difficulties that beset her path. We have been dear to each other, and I trust in some degree united in the bonds of Christian love. Now, my dear sister, I must bid thee farewell. Mayest thou *fare-well* in every sense of the word, and be blest for time and for eternity. Accept my very best love, my very best wishes, and believe me, dear girl,

Thy warmly attached Sister,

ELIZA.

During my beloved sister's long and trying illness, she was able to sit up a good part of the day until about a fortnight before her death, when she was almost entirely confined to her bed, and unable to sit up any length of time. In the early part of her illness, she often asked to be read to, and took great delight in hearing hymns from P. Gurney's collection, and the Olney Hymns, and Legh Richmond's Domestic Portraiture, gave her much pleasure; but the Bible was her *chief* delight, till she became too ill to enter into and unite with its comforting assurances. Many precious seasons are recollected by those of her friends who were privileged to be the frequent companions of her latter hours. The affectionate reproof, the kind counsel, and the warm sympathy, were often extended to these, while she

endeavoured faithfully to impress upon their minds the great and solemn importance of being prepared for the final change. No notes were taken during her illness, or it would have been instructive to note the strength which sustained her through every season of suffering, while her sweet and beaming countenance bore ample testimony to the peace that she experienced. To each of her family she gave instructive counsel, and her prayers often ascended on their account, that they might choose the Lord for their portion; and on one occasion, when some of them were alone with her, she knelt down and petitioned very sweetly on their account; and for her beloved husband she often mentally supplicated that he might be supported under his approaching trial, frequently making their separation a theme of conversation, with tenderness and resignation. She had a deep sense of her unworthiness, but her childlike trust was unshaken: her favourite motto was,

“Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to thy cross I cling.”

The evening preceding her dissolution, dear E. S——, who was with her, was struck with the touching sweetness with which her spirit was clothed. The dear invalid was offering up her petitions with great earnestness, and expressed her grateful feelings for the many mercies that had been dispensed to her,

particularly that she had been led to cast all her sins at the feet of Jesus, repeating the lines of Newton :—

“Sought me wandering, set me right,
Turned my darkness into light.”

A few hours before her departure, she took a final farewell of each of the relatives assembled around her, some of whom were not with her in the last conflict. She endeavoured to console them under their great loss with assurances of her eternal gain. Her words fell on the ear like sweet though sad music, and, as we gazed upon the wasted form of our beloved one, it was with feelings of indiscribable sorrow, softened in some measure by the conviction that in a few hours she would become a saint in glory.

The last struggle was great; but there is every reason to rejoice in the belief that the spirit left its worn tabernacle for a home above the skies. Her memory will be long treasured amongst us; and, while we cannot but lastingly feel the chasm her removal has occasioned, it is cause of grateful acknowledgment to the Father of mercies, who giveth wisdom and grace to those who seek it, that it was *His* grace that made her what she was. To Him be the praise and the glory! She died on the 20th of the 4th Month, 1844, just turned twenty-nine years.

Extract of a letter from G.T.T.—to the intimate friend of my dear departed sister:—

“I thought my dear friend would like to hear somewhat respecting my late beloved Eliza. I can say, and that with truth, that the longer we were permitted to be with each other, so much the more were those cords of true affection binding. My dear Eliza, for some few weeks before she died, did not appear to have any wish to return (as she termed it) into the world, fearing, as she said, that the cares of this life on the one hand, and worldly temptations on the other, might lead her from that entire resignation which was happily her lot. It was very evident to me, for some months before dear Eliza departed, that she was under the preparing hand of her Saviour, and striving in His strength to be numbered among those who would ‘sleep in Jesus.’ Oh! may we, my dear friend, endeavour to follow her as she followed Christ! I feel indeed that I am bereft of a most valuable partner, one who shared in every sense of the word all my joys and my sorrows; one who was faithful and affectionate; one whose chief desire for this life was the true interest of her husband; and, above all, one who affectionately invited him to come unto Christ, for all true happiness was to be found there. Oh! well do I remember those precious words uttered the night before she died, ‘George, my dear George,’ she said, ‘I now resign thee unto my Saviour, who has loved me with

an everlasting love ; and earnestly do I pray that He may watch over thee for good, and that in his own time take thee unto Himself!’ About one o’clock the day she died, and when we were alone, dear Eliza saw me looking very earnestly at her, when she smilingly took me by the hand and asked whether I thought she was dying. I replied I feared she was about to leave us, asking her if she had any fear of death. Her answer was, with a countenance beaming with brightness, ‘Fear? no fear!’ I again asked her if she were quite happy, ‘Yes, yes,’ she replied, ‘perfectly happy!’ I then said, ‘My dear Eliza, we shall meet again in heaven.’ ‘In heaven!’ she answered. Where then, my dear friend, is my consolation for the loss of such a partner? I have the consoling hope and belief that, through the unmerited goodness and mercy of a crucified Saviour, she is redeemed by His most precious blood, and is for ever at His right hand, singing praises to the Lord God and the Lamb for evermore.”

I close this little sketch with the following piece,
written by our beloved Eliza :—

THE THREE STATES.

FIRST, MAN BY NATURE; SECONDLY, MAN THROUGH GRACE;
THIRDLY, MAN IN A STATE OF GLORY.

MAN BY NATURE.

O! what a complex work is man!
How short is e'en the longest span
Of his existence here!
And yet how oft his chiefest care
How best he may life's pleasures share,
Through each succeeding year.

But, Oh! how vain such joys as these,
Which for a few brief moments please,
And then are gone for aye!
Transient is every earthly joy,
No pleasures here without alloy,
And these, how short their stay!

Surpassing strange, that those who know
How short their tarriance here below
Should thus contented be;
Such short-lived happiness to share,
Instead of that which would prepare
Them for eternity.

But such is man: thus blinded, he
Until from Satan's power set free,
From unbelief and sin;
For few there are who see their need,
Who feel that they are vile indeed,
Have nothing good within.

Ye sinners! wherefore thus delay
To come to Christ, the only way,
The only door to heaven?
Ye cannot enter but by Him,
However small to you may seem
The sins to be forgiven.

By works of yours, however fair,
Think ye to gain an entrance there,
Your trust, alas! how vain!
The righteousness of Christ alone,
His blood for sinners to atone,
Can your desire obtain.

Then fly each vain delusive snare,
Betake yourselves to God in prayer,
And read His holy Word;
It does with promises abound,
Which never yet to fail were found,
But peace and joy afford.

The invitation's free to all,
Whether their sins be great or small,
How many or how few;
How vile soever they have been,
The blood of Christ can make them clean,
His grace their hearts renew.

All ye who thirst, just come and try,
The fountain never yet was dry
That can your thirst allay;
The food which can your souls sustain
No money needeth to obtain,
'Tis freely given away.

The more ye hunger, so the more
Ye shall possess a boundless store,
Ye cannot ask too much.

If poor in spirit ye do feel,
 Jesus will then Himself reveal,
 His kingdom is of such.

If weak, your strength shall be renewed,
 If lowly, ye shall be imbued
 With true humility ;
 If heavy laden and oppressed,
 There's One on high can give you rest,
 And sweet tranquility.

Then come, no longer make delay,
 Believe the truth of what I say,
 Accept the terms of peace ;
 Cast all your cares at Jesus' feet,
 He'll make you in Himself complete,
 Your faith and love increase.

MAN THROUGH GRACE.

Thrice happy ye by grace redeemed,
 The chief of sinners once esteemed,
 Unholy and defiled ;
 But through the mercy of your God,
 And merits of your Saviour's blood,
 Ye now are reconciled.

Say, could you now your steps retrace ?
 Would ye again life's joys embrace,
 And choose on earth your treasure ?
 No ! of your souls ye feel the worth,
 Know something of the second birth,
 And heaven to earth prefer.

All pleasure 's transient here below,
 And frail as fleet, 'tis mixed with woe,
 And oftentimes dearly bought.

But ye have known a holier joy,
A bliss that 's pure without alloy,
Surpassing mortal thought.

How sweet the foretaste, tho' but faint,
Of that which will await the saint,
When unto him is given
The spotless garment, white and pure,
Which thus for ever will endure,
The wedding robe of heaven !

Ye've felt the power of Jesus' blood
To cleanse from sin's o'erwhelming flood,
And know 'twas shed for you ;
Ye've gone with Him to Calvary,
And of His weight of agony
Have had a distant view.

Did not the thought your bosoms move
To wonder at such matchless love,
Love inconceivable?—
That thus the only Son of God
Should leave His Father's blessed abode,
Awhile on earth to dwell.

You mourn—your tears now often flow,
And flow they will while here below,
For sin is with you still ;
But comfort for the mourner 's found,
For Christ can make your joys abound :
His promise He'll fulfill.

Then courage take, your Captain's strong,
The armour He supplies keep on,
'Twas never known to fail
Your warfare'll soon for ever cease,
The banner of the Prince of Peace
Shall over all prevail.

Then shall ye shout, "The victory gained,
 'Twas not by our own arm obtained,
 But through our Captain: He
 Was ever foremost in the fight,
 He put our deadliest foes to flight,
 And gained the victory."

MAN IN A STATE OF GLORY.

My pen! can words of thine pourtray
 The unknown splendour of that day
 That dawns upon the blest?—
 When, with their last expiring breath,
 They pass the awful porch of death,
 And enter on their rest?

When Zion's gates to them unfold,
 They view her streets of burnished gold,
 Magnificently bright!
 But, oh! what wonders meet their eyes
 As heaven's stupendous mansions rise
 On their astonished sight!

What strains melodious meet the ear,
 As, softly swelling, now they hear
 The heavenly anthem's sound!
 No hand unskilful sweeps the lyre,
 For in that blest harmonious choir
 No tuneless voice is found.

No sun is needed there, or light
 Of moon, or stars that shine by night,
 'Tis one eternal day:
 The King of Glory there they see,
 Himself that city's light shall be,
 A never failing ray.

Oh! happy country! There no sin
Is ever found its walls within,
But all is perfect love;
For He who bought them with His blood
Hath made them "kings and priests to God,"
To reign with Him above.

They thirst and hunger now no more,
Their days of sorrow all are o'er,
Their tears have ceased to flow.
There, are no wandering weary feet,
There, is no scorching noontide heat,
Nor wintry tempests blow.

From every nation, kindred, tongue,
They join the everlasting song,
Around the throne of God.
Out of much tribulation, they
Appear in pure and white array,
Washed in their Saviour's blood.

And thus to their Redeemer sing,
"Worthy art Thou! to Thee we bring
The praise that is Thine own:
For ever worthy! Thou hast died,
And we through Thee are sanctified,
The glory's Thine alone!"

ELIZA.

